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Alice Clement, Detective

Or, AN AMATEUR CASE : : By COURTNEY R. COOPER

"Quick, Sergeant! Get every man you can and come with me!"

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(Editor's Note—On the payroll of the municipal detective department of the city of Chicago appears the name of Alice Clement, sleuth. To the trackers of men who make their headquarters at the bureau at 179 North La Salle street, she is known as "Alice of the Smile." Fearless, resourceful, dangerous in a hundred simple little disguises which mask her, yet do not hinder her, she has found the evidence which has sent many a man and many a woman to the penitentiary. There is hardly a dangerous dive of the great city which she, in her twelve years of detective life, has not visited. More than once has her life been in danger, many times has she been compelled to use the dirk or the revolver that she carries for protection. And yet, through it all, she has remained pretty, vivacious, full of life and the love of living—and always deserving of her name, "Alice of the Smile." Too, she has always remained reticent, non-communicative about her adventures, until Mr. Cooper persuaded her to tell her adventures for the first time.)

A PAIR of large, dark, innocent eyes glowed laughingly at me from across the table. There was a smile, too, on the childish face, an appreciation of the goodness of life and the joy of living in every feature. Those about us in the cafe, where the lights glittered and the waiters hurried forth seemingly from nowhere, to stand a moment at their tasks and disappear again, knew naught but that we were an ordinary young man and an ordinary young woman partaking of the refreshments of after the theater. True it was of myself, that ordinary part—but for the woman who faced me there was a great difference. I leaned across the table.

"I can't help saying it," I had begun, "but you don't look like a detective."

She laughed, whole-heartedly.

"Perhaps that's the reason I've succeeded," she answered. Then suddenly she bent toward me, her eyes flashing, the fire of enthusiasm, of the hunter, in her face. "I know what you're going to say," was added—"that it's no work for a woman who loves the things that a woman should love; that it is work that will make me old beyond my time and make me forget the good things of the world. Well?" she laughed. "I've been at it nearly twelve years now, and if it was going to make me old it should have accomplished something by this time. And so, one guess as to my age——?"

I tried to be truthful.

"Twenty-four," I hazarded.

"You missed it——" the eternal woman came forth in its strength then—"but I won't tell you how much. You see, a person doesn't have to let crime enter the soul, simply because the business is that of crime tracking. But there was a time once——"

The eyes lost their softness. A glitter, cold, steel-like, supplanted the happy brilliancy. The diamond pendant at her throat shook and shed forth its sparkling radiance against the brightness of the lights. The hands, folded on the table, clenched hard. I noticed that the lips were drawn in a straight line. I waited—and then:

"When was that?"

The being of Alice Clement had seemingly changed. There was a bit of remorselessness in her face now, of determination. Those flashing eyes were becoming colder and colder.

"It was the only time in my life," she began, "that I ever tracked a man for revenge. More than one little angle turned up in that case, for it not only gave me the vengeance I sought, but it proved to me that woman can be as brave as a man; it proved to me that I had the detective instinct—and it also, later on, made a municipal detective of me. It happened twelve years ago, and that's a fairly long time, but when I tell the story the true names will be changed, and locations will be renamed, because—well, just because, that's all."

She was still the woman, in reasons, at least. I waited.

"You remember that I laughed when you guessed at my age," she began, "and one reason for that is that I have out home a little daughter, half as old as you guessed my age to be. When my entrance into the detective world began that child was a baby in arms. And she went with me.

"Years before, my husband had been slugged. He had been held up at night, on a street on the West Side, knocked down, beaten, and robbed. I had seen the face of the man who had done the work—and that face burned itself into my memory with a permanency that I knew would never fade. The time came when I was sure of that.

"My husband had gone away on a trip that week, I remember. Since," she added with a tone of sadness in her voice, "he has gone on a longer journey from which he will not return. We were not the most prosperous persons in the world then, and we lived in a flat near Chicago avenue. The neighborhood was squalid; there were characters around us whose respect for the law was not of the highest. It was a street of mystery and of darkness and of danger.

"And some way, in daytime as I walked along that street, or in the evening when I was returning from the little store with my purchases for the evening meal, my eyes were always searching, always looking for the sight of a face that remained ever clear to me. Something seemed always whispering to me that some day I would find that man whom I hunted; some day, he and I would come face to face, and then it would be woman against man—with prison or death as the ending. The police, in the years that had passed, had done nothing toward success in catching him, and for that I hated them. Detectives had failed. As far as I knew the case was outlawed; even should I find the man who had attacked my husband there would be little chance for retribution. But still I searched, still my eyes roved, ever looking for the face they sought, and one night——"

The orchestra had begun the playing of a plaintive melody. Alice Clement paused and looked far away, while the pendant at her throat poised and fell and

rose again. There was a dangerous glint in her eyes now; I saw that she was living with her memories. I remained silent. At last the voice began again.

"There was a little second-hand store next to the flat I occupied, a small two-story affair that was run by two Jews. The place was dark, dirty—I had often passed with a queer little shiver which I never could understand.

"I had been a little late that evening on my trip to the grocery store. Darkness had already come and I was hurrying along before the baby became frightened. Through a long space of shadow I had traveled, and then came the flare of a dingy light as the door of the second-hand shop opened and a man stepped forth, a suitcase in his hand. I turned my head to him, then gasped. The face!

"He did not seem to notice me, but walked past rapidly. I whirled and tried to follow. It was in me to scream, to seize him if I could, to tear his throat with my hands. My teeth clenched hard—it seemed that all the fury that woman can know had suddenly surged into my heart at the sight of those features; I could have killed and not have been sorry for the deed. But I failed. A half-block and the man was lost in the shadows. For an hour I searched, then walked slowly to my little apartment home, to take my baby in my arms and sit wonderingly by the window, looking down in the darkness to where the little second-hand shop reared its leprous form—thinking and planning and scheming for some way to find that face again, to catch the man I hated. Alice Clement cooked no supper that night. Early morning still found her sitting by the window, still thinking."

The music of the cafe was loud now. There was laughter, there was singing from the cabaret vocalists who lounged at one of the tables. But the detective did not hear. She was living in the past. One hand was tapping the table nervously. Her head was forward, her body tense.

"I had seen men with suitcases go into that little second-hand store before, usually at night. That fact weighed on my mind. I worried about it, I figured out every possible reason, but no solution came. Yet there was something, some reason; I knew it. The next day I studied the wall of the building below me. Only one window appeared, dark, shade-drawn. The fire escape led within a foot of it, right at a place where the walls of the flat in which I lived was blank of windows. A chance was there—a poor chance, but I determined to take it.

"Night came, and with it I put my child to bed and clothed myself for a long vigil. Then I stepped out on the fire escape. Slowly, cautiously, I made my way down to where I might crouch by that little window, and there, baffled by the closely drawn shade, I felt the tears coming to my eyes and a choke in my throat as I realized that my chance of learning the secrets of the little building were fading. But suddenly, the inspiration came. I climbed back up the fire escape and set out to find a hardware store that by some chance would be open. In two hours I was back on the fire escape, with a glass cutter in my hands.

"From within there came sounds, loud sounds, but indistinct. I was thankful for the raucousness; it would hide the grating of the glass cutter. Slowly I began to trace a circle on the pane. The scratching sounded like the grinding of car wheels to my nervous ears. I paused. The laughter and noise from within continued. I lifted the glass cutter again. Again I made the circle. The edge had cut deep. The crucial time had come—the time of chance. If luck was with me the glass would hang in its socket as I gave the blows that would free it from the main body. If luck was against me——!

"I trembled. I lifted an edge of my dress, and placing it against the pane to deaden the sound, rapped the glass gently at the lower end with my knuckles. My lungs seemed devoid of breath, my heart had stopped beating. I rapped again. The glass gave; I felt that my hands had recoiled, then reached forward grasping-ly. A great wave of relief shot over me. The circle of glass had hung! It had swung in the center, as though on a pivot, my fingers had clutched it, and now it lay witnin my hand while I, dazedly, stared straight ahead.

"Words were coming from within, in a voice that I recognized. A thrill shot through me. I placed an ear close to the hole in the window. That voice I had heard before, in the years that had gone, tense, cursing, as he had sent down the blows which had felled my husband. It seemed the revelry had ceased now. They were discussing something more important. I heard the voice of the Jew, then the voice I recognized again:

"'Well, I'm not goin' to go at this thing alone, and that's all there is to it right now . . . it's got to be too quick a haul; there's enough of us to make a cleaning of the whole place; we can get in while they're at the show, do the job in a half-hour, then get out. If it's going to be done at all, it'll have to be done that way. That's all there is to it, and if you guys want to try it some other way, well——'

"Another voice had broken in.

"'A fine set of dubs we'd be, a whole gang of us, paradin' out there like a circus mob! What d'you want, an army?'

"'Which'd be worse, six of us handlin' th' thing right an' gettin' away with th' junk in a way we wouldn't be noticed, or one or two guys luggin' a lot of stuff an' gettin' pinched for investigation?' came the voice that I knew.

"A third chimed in.

"'That's right.'

How her eyes flashed, as the pictures of the past came before them! Once again she was huddled on that fire escape, listening to the formation of a plot beneath. Cafe, lights, music, all had faded for Alice Clement. She was what her profession made her, a tracker of men, again. The story went on.

"I knew that sooner or later the address would be spoken, for the explanation of everything had come to me now. This second-hand shop was that only in name. In reality it was a fence for thieves, a meeting place and rendezvous for robbers—and I had stumbled into the knowledge of their plans! Oh, if some one would ask for that address! If some one would speak it! I felt numbly that I was cold, that I was shivering, that my fingernails were biting into the flesh of my tightly clenched hands. Just for the address, just one word——!

"I started. I pressed closer against the window. The men, who evidently had been sitting at a taole, were moving around. I sprang to my feet and hurried up the fire escape. The address had come!

"There was a maze of a few moments in which I neither knew nor understood what I did, nor why. When I came to myself, I was turning the corner of Chicago avenue and State streets on a half-run for a street car, with my baby in my arms. What I was going to do, I did not know. The thought of the police had not touched my mind; all I knew was that I must get to the house they planned to rob before they got there, that I must find some way to circumvent them. The street car stopped. I boarded it.

"It was not until I reached the block in which the flat was that I began to realize the risks I was taking. It dawned upon me then that I was carrying my baby into a place where it would not only be in danger, but where it might cause danger for me. What if there was no one at home, no one I could warn? The realization flashed upon me that there would be no one, for I knew that in the plans I had heard the robbers felt sure they would be safe in their work, for a while at least. I hurried to the flat. I rang the bells, one after another. Not a tube answered. I circled to the back. I pushed the buttons for the servants. There came no reply. I started to hurry across the little yard to where the rear of another flat showed. I stepped off the porch, made my way to the side of the house, then, with a gasp, rushed back.

"I had seen a shadowy form—two of them—three. The thieves had arrived. Like the little fool that I had been, I had allowed myself to be caught, I had

"A full half hour I searched."

spoiled everything. I gave one wild glance about me in the dim light, then jumped for the rear porch again. A dumbwaiter had shown before me. A leap and I had climbed into it, closed the slide, and was praying, yes, praying, that the child in my arms would remain as quiet as she had been—a whimper would have meant death for me.

"Maybe there's something in prayers," Miss Clement added thoughtfully. "The baby turned in my arms the least bit, it raised a tiny hand that touched my throbbing throat, then it settled back to sleep again. I heard a step on the porch. Muffled voices came from a few feet away.

"'D'ye think I'd better shin it to the second story?'

"A voice from the door answered in a whisper:

"'No need of it. It's a connected joint. Family affair. Old man and his wife on the first floor, two married daughters and their husbands live on the other floors. All connected with a stairway; we can get in from down here. Hand me the nippers.'

"There was a grating, a scratching of metal, soft cursing. The man at the door seemed to have turned.

"'Can't nip the key. Gimme the jimmy.'

"'Hurry up,' came from the other man.

"'Signal Bill and the gang to come on,' was the reply; 'we're goin' in.'

"There was a rending sound, a crackling, a snap. The lock had been forced. I heard one of the men step to the edge of the porch and whistle softly. A second later the answering tread of soft footsteps sounded on the porch. A few words. The door closed. All was still."

The music of the cafe had faded for me, too, now. Only the woman's face was before me, the face that was echoing the tense agony of that moment of the past. My cigarette burned my fingers; I dropped it to the tray almost unconsciously. My eyes were straight ahead.

"And then——" I prompted.

The diamond pendant seemed to have planted its rays in her eyes. They were snapping electrically.

"Then?" She laughed a bit queerly. "Then I prayed again. I knew a thief had been placed to watch just within the door; I knew there was one shadow which might aid me—but that the first wrong step would bring the watching man thundering upon me. I knew the child in my arms might be aroused by my first movement and that she might cry. I knew that my woman's heart was quailing, that it was crying out to me to remain where I at least stood a chance of safety—and I knew I must fight that impulse down. Something warm coursed its tiny way on my chain. I had bitten my lips to bleeding. Something cold gripping my heart, something steel was seemingly binding my brain into dumb, helpless lack of thought. I shuddered. Then, like one plunging into an icy sea, I stepped forward.

"Step by step I made my slow way down in the shadow. No word came from behind, no sound. I had passed the first watcher. I turned quickly to the blind side of the building and crept along the fence. I knew it was impossible to retreat by the fence way, for there would be a watcher there also, somewhere in a dark corner. One by one I felt the panels of the fence. Lower and lower my heart sank. Then, suddenly it leaped. I had found a loose board.

"A vacant lot was before me. Crouching low, stumbling, my dress catching and pulling, twigs striking against my face, I made my way through the high weeds, shielding my baby as best I could, hoping, praying again that it would not awaken. A light flashed before me as I hurried into an alley. Tears came to my eyes, and yet I laughed, laughed with all the nervousness, all the anguish of relief that a woman could know. I saw the sign ahead of me.

"POLICE STATION."

"The old desk sergeant started as I entered, my hair flying, my eyes wild. A patrolman attempted to stop me. I pushed him out of the way.

"'Quick!' I gasped. 'Sergeant, get every man you can and come with me!'

"He looked at me as though he believed me crazy. He did not move. I rushed to him, I seized him by the coat sleeve.

"'Quick!' I urged again. 'There are a set of thieves in a flat not two blocks from here. You've got time to surround the place and get every one of them. They think they're safe; they've got two watchers, but I know where they are. I saw them get into the place—won't you come—can't you see the need to hurry—sergeant? Can't you——'

"There was no need of further pleading. The sergeant was already on the way to the door. Three patrolmen had sprung to their feet and were following him. I saw the jailer and hurried to him.

"'Hold the baby,' I commanded, and laughed somewhat hysterically at his surprised face. Then I whirled and was gone to join the sergeant.

"A half-hour later six shadowy forms slunk forth from the side of the flat building. There was a half-glitter as four revolvers were pointed ahead, a sharp command, a shot as one of the men attempted to run, and then the hands of the gang of robbers went into the air. With the capitulation there came a frightened little cry, the sound of the sobbing voice of a woman—and I'm thinking right now" (there was a twinkle in the eyes across the table) "that the voice was that of Alice Clement."

She paused, and once again she was the simple little woman, listening to the music of an after-the-theater orchestra. She tapped her fingers idly on the table to the rhythm of the song, and there came the smile that has made her famous in the police world of Chicago.

"And that was the making of little me," she said with a laugh. "I found out that night that while my work might have been crude, I had the instinct of a detective in me. The next day I went to the police station. I learned that the second-hand shop had been raided, that the Jews had been arrested and with them ten other men. I learned also that something like $20,000 worth of loot had been recovered, and then—well, then I went down into the cell to see the man whose memory had caused it all.

"'How do you like it?' I asked him as he paced about his cell.

"The man, who had given the name of Mitchell, turned and glared at me.

"'I've seen you before,' he said, shortly.

"'Yes, last night,' I answered. 'You saw me before that, too, only I guess you don't remember. The next time you slug a man and rob him, take care that there's not a woman around. That's all.' I laughed at him, happily. He, in turn, only glared.

"'What?' he snapped.

"'Nothing in particular,' I answered, and left him."

The orchestra and the cabaret were reveling in the sympathetic tones of the Sextette from Lucia. I lit another cigarette.

"Revenge is sweet—sometimes," I ventured.

"It's sweet to the extent of eighteen years in Joliet for the honorable Mr. Mitchell," she answered, and then, humming softly, while the tapping fingers again kept time with the music, she looked around the cafe.

"Isn't it just awful how some of these Chicago women paint?" she asked, innocently.

In next week's Ledger another of these strange, true narratives of the perilous deeds and extraordinary happenings in the life of Alice Clement, who has worked for the city government of Chicago for several years, will appear in the Ledger. These stories of her charmed life will run through several issues. No one should miss them; they are the most startling true stories printed in several years.

The Comet.

Yesterday morning, between three and four o'clock, we were called from our bed by the presence of a sorrel cow, with an inadequate tail, in the grounds of our winter palace.

She had eaten a row of tuberoses and some mignonette, to sweeten her breath, when we came up behind her with a bed slat and smote her on the snoot.

While merrily romping with her over the velvety lawn, our attention was sudden called to a large two hundred and fifty dollar comet, nor'west by nor' and about three feet above the horizon, with its tail over the dashboard.

When first seen it was in perihelion with the dome of the courthouse, but while we watched it, either the courthouse changed its position or we did, and the space became more clearly defined.

Some are of the opinion that this comet is the one that appeared about twenty-five years ago, but our idea is that it is a new one that has never been used.

It is something the style of Roscoe Conkling, with a more subdued and pensive air, however, and is making good time.

It has a nucleus that shines with a nebulous light. It also carries with it a hyperbola and a parabola, in a common valise.

A well-known astronomer claims that this is a comet which, according to the books, was not due yet for fifteen hundred years. There must be some mistake, however, unless it lost something when it was here five hundred years ago, and has returned to see if it cannot find it. Still, its running time may have been changed in order to stir up competition with other comets.

We had no time fully to investigate the wonderful celestial phenomenon, as people began to pass where we were taking observations, and, noticing our simple costume, called the attention of other people to us, and in a short time a large and demonstrative audience had gathered near us, which disturbed our scientific researches and concluded the early morning session.—Bill Nye.

No Parlor Tricks.

When the late Maj.-Gen. F. D. Grant was stationed at Fort Sam Houston as commander of the Department of Texas, the cook of the household left. Mrs. Grant spent several days trying to get another one.

One day an impudent, incompetent woman applied. She delivered as her ultimatum that she was to have two afternoons off, the use of the kitchen for the entertainment of her society friends, and various other dispensations. General Grant came into the room and heard her.

"Do you speak French?" he asked.

"Who? Me? No, sir."

"Do you play on the piano?"

"No, sir."

"Well," said the General, "we can't think of having a cook who isn't able to speak French and play on the piano."

Of Course Not.

Lady—"These souvenir spoons look like forks."

Dealer—"Of course, ma'am; you wouldn't have souvenir spoons look like spoons, would you?"

Laurestine's Reward

Or, MRS. VANE'S REVENGE .·. By AGNES DOROTHY OTTO

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CHAPTER I.

"LAURESTINE. Who gave you that name?"

"Godfather and godmother at my baptism, wherein I was made a member——"

"Oh, pray, stop! I'm not Deacon Mills putting you through your catechism."

The speaker, a tall, handsome, young fellow, dressed in duck trousers and immaculate shoes and hose, lolled gracefully on a fallen tree and looked up admiringly into the face of a girl who stood shyly balancing a basket, first on one arm and then on the other.

There was a small hole in the ground where she had jabbed her toe from time to time, as she listened in rustic, shamefaced fashion to the fine gentleman from the hotel. Her eyes got no farther than the tie, which matched his soft silk shirt. She was a beautiful child, wild, untrained, but gentle as a fawn.

"But Laurestine is such an interesting name. I wonder who thought of it?" persisted the man. "And your other name is so ugly. Pardon me, but I think that Wilkes comes as a sort of shock after Laurestine. I have no doubt that your grandmother's name is Martha, or Betsy—or, perhaps, Sarah—and your grandfather's John, William, or Thomas. Do I guess right?" he laughed.

"You are wrong," answered the girl, shaking her head and shoulders, bashfully. "Granny's name is Leah, and grandad's Moses."

The young man sat bolt upright and scrutinized her features closely. But they were of the pure Anglo-Saxon type. The perfect nose and the deep blue eyes set far enough apart, the rosebud mouth and beautiful, healthy complexion more than satisfied him.

"Then your mother or father must be responsible for your pretty name," said the man, sticking tenaciously to the point.

"My mother died when I was born, and I never had a father," said the girl, with nature's simplicity.

Afraid to trust himself to speak, he gazed at the downcast face. "There must have been a mistake somewhere," he said, at last. "Every one has a father. But perhaps you have been cheated out of yours. And if that were the case I would like to get my hands on the rascal who did it. I would crush him."

His tones were so angry that the girl raised her eyes for a second, but dropped them as soon as she saw her would-be champion had settled down comfortably on the fallen tree.

"How old are you, Laurestine?" he asked, a trifle abstractedly.

"I think fifteen," she replied.

"You only think; you are not sure?"

"No," changing the basket to the other arm.

"Look at me when you answer. Did any one ever tell you that you are very beautiful?"

She looked him full in the face, and the man's heart beat faster for the moment. "No," she replied; "no one ever did."

"Truth personified," he thought. "Tell me, then, what do the men down at the hotel talk about when they buy your wares?"

"They usually ask where I get the things from. When I say that I make them myself they say, 'you little faker.' Then they ask the price over and over again to try to confuse me."

The man bit his lip. "Mean cusses," he muttered. "And so they never tell you that you are lovely; but your mirror does?"

The girl looked puzzled. "Mirror?" she repeated.

"Yes, your looking glass," he explained. "We have only a small piece that grandad uses to shave by. I can only look into it when I stand on a chair. Granny says that it is wicked to look in a glass," she told him, simply.

The man felt amused, but it would have been ruination to laugh, she was so thoroughly innocent.

"Let me see in your basket," he said, beckoning the girl to his side.

He ran his fingers through the fragrant, sweet-smelling grass baskets and what-nots. "How clever you must be, to make these dainty things. Who taught you the craft?" he asked, interestedly.

"Granny. She can make much better things than I can."

"Have you many friends, Laurestine?" asked the man, enviously.

Her head dropped. "No; I have no friends, because I'm bad. Granny says it is useless to fight against what is in the blood."

The man sat bolt upright once more. "These shocks will be the death of me," he thought. "I suppose you are good sometimes?" he asked curiously.

"Only when I sell lots of baskets," she said, ingenuously.

"Oh, pray, stop!"

The man looked relieved. "Ah, so I see. Perhaps talking to me is bad?" he asked.

"Oh, very bad," she answered, decidedly.

"And if you are not talking to me that would be bad, too."

"If I were not talking to you I should be making baskets."

"Then when you are making baskets you are not bad." He tried to speak unconcernedly.

"Oh, yes, because I can't make them faster."

The man frowned. Then it was just as he had supposed. These grandparents were some brand of sharks who were living on the earnings of this innocent child.

"Do your customers ever give you money without taking the goods?" he asked, carelessly.

"Only once," answered Laurestine. "Then granny took the money back and told the gentleman and his wife that we are only poor—not beggars."

The man felt a choking sensation in his throat. "Lord, what is coming over me?" he muttered. "I must buy some of your pretty wares to make up for the time I have detained you," he said, at last. "But I don't know what to do with them."

"I wish——" Laurestine began, and stopped shyly.

"What do you wish?" he asked, looking relieved. "I didn't suppose such a shy little mouse ever had a wish. Come tell me."

"I have always wanted to give the cashier at the hotel a present of a basket, because she is kind and lets me in with my goods; but granny never will let me. She says, 'Some day.'"

The man was already picking out two of the best baskets and a picture-frame covered with birch bark. Laurestine's eyes expanded twice their usual size when he put several bills in her hand.

"Thank you, thank you," she exclaimed. "I'm so good today."

She looked so innocent he wanted to take her in his arms; but he only said: "As you have no friends, Laurestine, I should like to be your friend. Would you like to have me?"

"Yes," she said, approaching him.

He took the little outstretched hand and kissed it as gallantly as though she were the first lady in the land. Then they said good-by. She walked slowly for a few paces. He saw she was returning. Another shock was in store for him.

"You forgot to ask the meaning of my name," she said soberly.

He looked at her in amazement. "That is true," he smiled. "What is it?"

"I die if I am neglected."

CHAPTER II.

Gerald Worthing watched the retreating figure of Laurestine until she disappeared round a turn of the lane.

"Poor little thing," he mused. "I must get Millicent to interest herself in the child. I am sure there is a long story behind her."

Worthing was a young lawyer who had joined a hunting party to the Maine woods. But after they arrived at the little village of Pawling and the guides were engaged, Worthing backed out, declaring that some one must stay behind to take care of the women. Several of the men's wives and daughters had gone as far as the point where the hunters started out, intending to await their return.

Pawling was a beautiful little village with an excellent hotel, which provided lots of gayeties for summer boarders, to say nothing of the natural beauties of wood, lake and stream.

When his old friend, Merton Phillips, told Worthing that his sister and daughter Millicent would be of the party, the young lawyer promptly decided that he was not feeling strong enough for a long tramp; and it was very wrong for him to desert the ladies. So for weeks he had hung around the hotel, a target for the smiles and frowns of the beautiful Millicent. As he thought of her a happy light glowed in his eyes. He listened to the music of bees and birds, of rustling leaves; the incense of flowers and sweet grasses intoxicated his senses. And he wondered if it were folly to dream of Millicent Phillips and love.

"Perhaps I have dallied too long," he thought. "I should have spoken before. But I am a coward. I have trembled lest the charm be broken by telling my story too soon. For two months I have seen her every day; but not once could I fittingly have broached the subject nearest my heart. But I will wait no longer. I will speak to my love today."

It was five o'clock when Worthing reached the hotel. There were several ladies sitting around the grounds and verandas. He picked out Millicent's aunt, a sweet, placid, motherly woman, and chatted until she told him that Millicent was driving with Mrs. Vane. Then a disturbed look clouded his face. Just then there was the honk-honk of a big automobile in the drive, and Gerald Worthing sprang to the end of the veranda, for his heart told him that Millicent was near. The groaning, snorting machine blustered up to the main entrance. It was a showy turnout of the latest fashion.

"It is Mrs. Vane's machine," said Gerald, a strange, happy flutter at his heart. "She has brought my niece home," replied Miss Phillips. "I hardly expected them so soon."

Worthing left the older woman and walked toward the door. Millicent was laughing. The music of her tones was in his ears, and he went forward to meet her.

"I'm sorry that the dresses haven't come," Mrs. Vane was saying; "but I'll call for you tomorrow when we can go more fully into the matter. I'm afraid we may have some difficulty getting your aunt's consent to the costume I want you to wear."

"Hush, do not speak so loud, Mrs. Vane! The people will hear you," Millicent replied.

"Why whom have we here? Mr. Gerald Worthing," declared Mrs. Vane loudly, heedless of the young girl's caution.

The young man had stepped from behind a large shrub, and at sight of him the color mounted to Millicent's face in waves of crimson. Usually she was distant and cool, but under the prying eyes of Mrs. Vane she felt ill at ease. For that very day the woman had made remarks in a jesting way about Gerald Worthing and Millicent Phillips; and now she was smiling at them maliciously.

Worthing greeted the woman coldly. He had overheard her last words in reference to a costume for Millicent. The remark rankled in his mind. A woman like Mrs. Vane to persuade his Millicent to wear a costume not approved by her own aunt! It should never be, if Millicent valued his advice, and he would satisfy himself on that point at once.

"I had no idea of staying," Mrs. Vane said, as she stepped lightly from the automobile. "But now that I behold you in the substance, Mr. Worthing, I am resolved to secure the promise of your services in connection with our masquerade. Millicent says that you haven't an atom of interest——"

"And Miss Phillips is quite right," Worthing interrupted. "I don't care for masquerading in any form."

Mrs. Vane's gray-blue eyes flashed spitefully, for she fancied she detected a little directed sarcasm in both tone and words. Years before she had been a belle, and still believed she was beautiful. She had had her dreams, too, of being able to attract the handsome Gerald Worthing.

"I hope it is not your intention to be rude. You are certainly ambiguous, Mr. Worthing," she said.

"Certainly not," was the hasty reply. "I dare say, it is a foolish notion of mine, but I do not like mask balls. But pray, do not let it affect you."

She smiled sweetly, but Worthing knew that she was bitterly offended. He was sorry. It flashed into his mind that it would be folly to make her his enemy.

"You are angry with me," he said. "Angry because I've expressed an opinion."

"You have the views of a despot," laughed Mrs. Vane. "Oh, you lords of the earth are wretched creatures! But all I beg of you is to keep your quixotic prejudices from your friends. If you refuse to help me, at least let me severely alone."

She cast a significant glance at Millicent, who had been witnessing the battle of words in amused silence. Worthing felt that he had been worsted in the passage of arms. But he remembered that she was a friend of Millicent —and a woman.

"I accept your estimate," he smiled, "and admit all you say without even appealing to Miss Phillips to judge between us."

"It is very likely that Millicent may be asked to judge between us some day," said Mrs. Vane, resentfully. "And I hope the dear girl won't forget this warning."

With this parting shot Mrs. Vane kissed Millicent good-by and stepped into the waiting machine. A moment later she disappeared from view.

"I fear that Mrs. Vane will never forgive me for refusing my support to her masquerade," he observed, lamely, conscious of a feeling the reverse of comfortable. "The fact is I do not like her. She is a scheming woman, and not a fit companion for a young girl. But we will not talk of these things, Miss Phillips."

"It will be better not to do so, but I resent the suggestion your words are meant to convey."

They had strolled a little way along the road running past the hotel, and had turned, through a pretty path that led to a wildwood of grass, trees and flowers, where not a breath of wind stirred. Every inch of the secluded spot was lined with a wall of trees and low, closely woven shrubs.

As Millicent uttered these last words a flash of pride shot into her eyes, and she made a movement to return to the house. Worthing thought she had never looked so pretty. He could scarcely conceal his admiration for the lovely girl. Her coloring was very like that of Laurestine. Her eyes were as blue as

violets, her hair of a soft rich brown, her cheeks of peach bloom. But here the likeness ended. Instead of Laurestine's flowerlike face, Millicent had features severe and strong. Laurestine's eyes could be bright and misty; Millicent's attitudes were as graceful and stately as those of a queen, while the little rustic's were most natural when she stood with eyes cast down, jabbing her toe in the ground.

"I have insinuated nothing, Miss Phillips," said Worthing, hastily. "But I say out plainly, I do not like Mrs. Vane, or her friend, Stanley Markham. I know too much of their private life, and they are not fit companions for you."

Millicent Phillips stared at the young man haughtily. "They are my friends. As you have no right to speak to me this way, I consider you are very impertinent," she said.

She would have hurried away, but he stood before her.

"One moment, Miss Phillips—Millicent," he continued excitedly. "You say that I have no right to speak to you the way I have done. The love I bear you gives me that right. I am here today, Millicent, to tell you what has filled my heart, my whole being for many months. I love you, my dearest."

She looked into his face and her eyes softened. "I'm glad you like me," she said, "because I've always liked you—a little."

"A little?" he laughed happily. "And I've given you the whole love of my life! Now what have you to give me in exchange?"

"All my love," was the low, fervent response.

He snatched her to his heart and kissed her lips. "My darling, this is the happiest summer night I have ever known."

The lovers looked into each other's eyes, a world of eloquence in every glance.

"Oh, Millicent, I almost fear to wake, and find this is but a dream of paradise," Worthing whispered. "Confess now that I had some right to speak to you as I did—for you are mine forever."

He felt her shiver against his heart, and he wondered why she did not speak. "You are cold, dearest. One more kiss and I will take you back to the house."

He held her tightly to him. He kissed her lips, but the seemed to be icy cold and failed to respond to his touch.

"That will do, Gerald. Auntie will be wondering what has become of us. We must not take our engagement too much for granted until papa comes back. Besides, you are inclined to think that you will own me body and soul."

Gerald Worthing gazed at the girl in blank amazement. "Oh, my dearest," he murmured in pained tones, "what did I say or do to call forth such cruel words from you? I do not remember."

She laughed lightly. "Perhaps we are too hasty," she said. "Perhaps you will repent."

"Millicent!"

"I love you, Gerald, and I know that I have never loved any one else. But I cannot pledge myself to be your slave. I like my liberty a little."

"Dear Millicent," he said, a look of perplexity in his eyes, "how you have misunderstood me. My love is all self-sacrificing. I have not a selfish wish. I would do anything in the world to make you happy."

"Your language is extravagant. You are taking things altogether too seriously," she replied, a touch of hauteur in her voice.

Millicent hardly knew why she talked this way. She would have preferred to rest her head on his shoulder and look into his pleading eyes. But she could not forget the words of Mrs. Vane, and her pride would not allow her to be any man's slave. So she walked frigidly by his side, and they returned to the hotel in comparative silence.

Gerald reproached himself with every step. Had he been too immoderate in his terms of endearment? Had he appeared selfish? Yes, perhaps so. Well, he would be careful in the future not to frighten her with his ardor. He said good night on the veranda. She allowed him to kiss her cheek, and said good night; but she did not ask him to stay. But her heart rebelled against his going. When she reached her room she burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, why did I treat him that way;" she sobbed, "when I love him so? And he is just punishing me by leaving me early; but tomorrow dear, I will be so good," she sighed softly. Then pride and anger came to her relief, and she hated herself for her weakness.

"Mrs. Vane is right. All men are tyrants. I will be no man's slave, not even after I'm married. I would rather not be married at all than forfeit my freedom. Men are all arbitrary, and Gerald Worthing is the most arbitrary of all."

Later, as Gerald smoked his cigar on the veranda, he heard her singing a gay ditty in the drawingroom, while half a dozen women in white, shimmering dresses fluttered around her like a flock of doves, chattering gossip in undertones. Perhaps it was the stab his heart had received that night which made Gerald decide that if ever he had a daughter he would shield her carefully from the insidious and most incorrigible of sinners, the married coquette.

CHAPTER III.

Merton Phillips was a large man, with a head of iron-gray hair, a kind, serious countenance, and one of the kindest hearts in the world. His personality radiated confidence and respect. He was the kind of man who seems born to be the trusted custodian of other people's affairs. With such assets, it can easily be understood that Mr. Phillips, as a lawyer, had many opportunities of making money which the ordinary man had not. Nevertheless, he was not a rich man, and even his intimate friends would have been surprised to learn how many of his large clientele were unprofitable. The generous man would never take a penny from a client if he had not won his case, and would drop a client unless his conscience told him that the latter had right on his side. His colleagues said he should have been a district visitor or a dispenser of charity.

Phillips was socially inclined and had a host of friends, but a keen observer would have noticed a vacant look in his eyes, and behind his genial laugh there was a heavy sigh and an aching void in his heart. He had married Millicent's mother when he was a mere boy, and had spent three stormy years trying to adjust his mild, placid temperament to her turbulent and variable humors. His wife died soon after Millicent was born, and Phillips mourned with genuine grief for the pretty, wilful, headstrong girl who had made his life anything but a happy one.

His sister, Margaret, took charge of the little Millicent, and though the child inherited her father's kind heart and generous spirit, she also displayed enough of her mother's willfulness to cause the anxious father and devoted aunt many anxieties for her future.

Four years after his wife's death Phillips was introduced to a girl whom he thought was the most charming creature he had ever seen. She was a school teacher, and had come to spend her vacation at the same small country hotel where Phillips had been sent to rest after an unusually busy law term.

Miss Carmen was as beautiful as a summer day. Her eyes were as large and soft as a dove's, her movements gentle and graceful. When Phillips first saw her she was standing under a profusion of flowering clematis. The golden sunshine played among the loose strands of her soft brown hair; her eyes were soft and luminous. A beautiful blush of pink in her creamy cheeks, her perfect lips full and rosy, she made a picture that would be hard for any man to overlook. She was of medium height and lovely as a dream.

"She reminds me of some saintly conception I saw abroad," Phillips told the friend who had introduced him to the girl. "If I were an artist, I would paint her for an angel." His eyes brightened.

"I consider you very impertinent."

His friend laughed. "Better not make an angel of her without consulting her first. Perhaps she is not anxious for immediate celestial joys," he remarked.

Miss Carmen met Phillips with even more than her usual grace and sweetness, for the earnest face of the lawyer was one that won all hearts. He was not what is usually supposed to be a handsome man, even in his youth, but his steadfast gray eyes, his strong, manly features, impressed him with a distinctive character that marked him head and shoulders above his fellows.

The two became friends at once, and very soon Phillips made up his mind to win her for his wife. It was not difficult, for their regard was mutual. The girl had never before seen any one who exactly came up to her ideal of lover and husband, and she loved him with all the strength of her nature. Phillips idolized the girl. He worshiped the hem of her garment—so much so that he was afraid to tell her of his former marriage and his little daughter, fearing that she might have some scruples.

In everything else he was the embodiment of frankness. Could Merton Phillips have foreseen the misery this deferred confession was bringing upon the confiding girl and himself, he would have risked all, even if he knew that in risking all he lost.

At the end of the summer they were quietly married. Miss Carmen had no relatives except an aunt who lived in another State. Phillips was glad of the excuse to keep her all to himself. He told her, with eyes and heart overflowing with love, "That he grudged every moment time spent away from him." The devoted bride and groom loitered around summer resorts a month after every one had returned to town. Finally they tore themselves away from the cool brooks and shady dells, where they had been so happy, and departed for the busy life of the town.

It was nearly a year since their wedding day, and Merton Phillips was, if possible, more than ever in love with his beautiful wife. He had not yet told her of his former marriage, or introduced her to any of his friends. She had not even noticed the omission. Her life had been spent with her aunt, a straight-laced, prim woman, who did not believe in love or marriage. Sometimes they would not exchange a word with any one else, except of a Sunday in church. And now her husband was all in all. She wanted no one else. When he told her that he wanted to keep her all to himself a little longer, she never doubted his word. How could she with his very soul looking at her through those earnest steadfast eyes.

One morning, as he was leaving the house, she clung to him more than usual. He held her tightly to his heart. "What is it?" he asked anxiously.

"It is so foolish of me, dear, but I can't help thinking that our happiness is too good to last; that something is going to happen to mar our perfect life. I am ashamed to worry you with my fancies, but sometimes they overpower me. Do be careful on the trains and cars. These presentiments are making a coward of me."

Phillips looked relieved to find that she did not suspect that he was keeping a secret from her. He was resolved to tell her soon. He dared not tell her just then, but in a month or two there should be no more secrets from her. Dear little soul, she didn't deserve to be deceived, and he would be a brute if he did. He kissed her fondly and stroked her lovely, soft hair.

"Good-by, sweetheart. Amuse yourself in your innocent fashion until I return. I will leave the office an hour earlier than usual tonight."

She watched him disappear at the end of the block, two happy tears glistening on her eyelashes.

"I love him so;" she murmured.

About a week after this incident Mrs. Phillips' maid informed her that a lady who said she was "Mrs." Phillips, and a lovely little girl, were waiting in the parlor to see her. The woman was Phillips' sister and the child was his daughter, Millicent. They had arrived in the city unexpectedly.

The girl cast an inquisitive glance at the delicate white fabric and lace which Mrs. Phillips hastily removed. "It must be a mistake," said her mistress. "There must be some other family in the neighborhood. Find out what the lady wishes to see me about."

Mrs. Phillips stood rooted to the spot. It was as though she had been turned to stone, for the look she had seen on the servant's face was one of pitying scorn. Her heart beat, and she put up her hands to still the throbbing of her head. For a moment she thought she was going to faint. The girl's tap at the door aroused her. To her "come in" the door opened, and the most beautiful child she had ever seen rushed in.

"Where is papa?" she demanded, imperiously.

Mrs. Phillips, remembering the watchful eyes of the servant who had followed child, were upon her, maintained a calmness surprising to herself.

"Who is your papa, sweet child?" she asked, without a tremor.

"There he is," exclaimed the child, joyfully, picking up a photograph of Merton Phillips.

A deathly pallor crept into the poor woman's face. The girl rushed forward to catch her, but with a superhuman effort she controlled herself.

"Tell the lady I will see her in a few minutes," she told the girl, "and take the child back with you to the parlor."

"But I want papa," persisted the child, as the girl drew her unwillingly from the room.

The young wife did not recognize her own voice as she told the child her papa would be home soon. As soon as she was free from the curious gaze of the servant, Mrs. Phillips wanted to throw herself on the bed and die, if might be. But she saw clearly what she must do. She had been cruelly wronged, but there was no anger in her heart, only a terrible anxiety to carry out her plan before she went mad. Something had already gone wrong in her head. It was causing this wonderful calmness. If it would only last a little while.

She hurriedly put a few things in a bag. She thought she was preparing for a journey, but she never knew what she put in the bag. Then she wrote the following letter to her husband:

"I am not angry. You must have loved me and wanted me very much, or you would not have committed such a crime. I hope God will forgive you, and help me, for my burden is greater than I can bear. I shall never see you again in this world. I can scarcely hope that we shall meet in the next.

"YOUR BROKEN-HEARTED WIFE."

Then she took off her wedding ring and inclosed it with the letter, and placed it on her dressing-table.

Now the hardest thing remained. She must face this other woman, Merton Phillip's other wife. She took a last look at the room where she had been so happy. The little bundle of white goods attracted her attention. She picked it up tenderly and placed it in a bureau drawer. Then she gazed for a long time at the picture of the man whom she believed to have wronged her so cruelly. She had worshiped him even beyond her hope of Heaven, and he was married to another! She could stand the terrible anguish no longer. Poor Mrs. Phillips fell prone to the floor, only a faint moan escaping her.

But consciousness was gone only to return again soon. The relief was only fleeting, and by the time the servant, who had been hovering near the door, in a spirit of pity and partly of curiosity, hurried in and placed her mistress on the bed, she was moaning. In a few minutes she was able to speak coherently, but the girl was frightened by the wild look in her eyes and the pallor of her cheeks.

"Go to the library and telephone Mr. Phillips. Ask him to come home at once," she ordered.

As soon as the girl left her, with trembling hands she put on her hat and coat, and picking up the small bag, she hurried from the room. She had intended to see the other woman, but at the last moment her heart failed her.

As she passed the parlor door she heard a sweet, gentle voice urging the little girl to have patience; papa would soon be home. Insane with fear that he would come home before she could get far enough away, she fled from the house.

The continuation of this interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year and we have stories awating publication that you cannot afford to miss.

Wrong Side of the Fence.

An office seeker was pleading for votes at a picnic adjoining the Osawatomie Asylum grounds. "The trouble is you farmers are not getting enough for your products," said he. "You are entitled to get more." Then turning to a bunch of laboring men from the town, he said: "Something must be done to bring down the cost of living to you. I propose to help make life easier for you."

An insane man standing on the asylum grounds over the fence from where the spellbinder was holding forth took a hand in the conversation.

"You expect to bring down the cost of living to the laboring man in town by raising the prices of farm products?" he asked.

"Well, er, that's the idea," replied the spellbinder.

"Better climb over this fence," said the crazy man. "You belong on this side."

Man's Ingratitude.

Tramp—"I'm not an idler, mum; I'm unfortunate."

Housekeeper—"H'm! Did you ever work for a living?"

Tramp—"Yes, mum. I used to be a salesman fer Doctor Wigg's gold medal hair restorer, mum; an' I worked so hard an' faithfully fer him, mum, that he discharged me."

Housekeeper—"Nonsense! Why should he?"

Tramp—"You see, mum, the worry an' overwork tryin' to do a big business fer him made me prematurely bald, mum."

An Aeroplane Elopement

Or, THE WINDS OF CHANCE. By STANLEY F. MATTHEWS

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CHAPTER V.
'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY.

IT CAN easily be understood what varying emotions chased one another through the mind of Karl as the evening passed slowly away. One minute, he was filled with ardent admiration for the spirit of love that caused the girl thus positively to place her dear form between himself and possible danger; the next, a cold chill passed over him at the bare thought of the risk she thus voluntarily assumed, for his sake.

The old affection had returned in a more aggravated form than ever; and it was only by the most strenuous work that he kept himself from giving free vent to the tumult of emotions that filled his heart to overflowing.

But Karl knew the risk he must necessarily run in thus removing the mask, even for a brief interval. If this had failed to urge upon him the necessity for further caution he had only to remember that in breaking the bonds of silence with regard to their connection in the past he must at the same time endanger Pauline; for who could say what jealousy might not drive Jack Lawson to doing. And so, as time passed on, he and the girl talked of various matters. She led the conversation, asking questions regarding many things with which she had once been familiar, but which of necessity had dropped out of her life since coming to the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains.

Finally Pauline declared that it was high time they thought of securing sleep. As there were several rooms in the big cabin of the Johnsons, Karl was to have the cot he now occupied.

"Will you leave that window open all night?" he asked, curious to know what thoughts might be passing through her mind with regard to his safety.

"We never think of closing it; but tonight is different," she replied. "Now, you are wondering how you will get any air; but you see there is a small hole in the heavy wooden shutter. That ought to be enough, don't you think?"

"Plenty, as the night has turned out cool after a warm day," was his reply. "And when your father comes home will he pass through this room? I'm only asking for information; because if I hear any one stirring, it might be a whole lot of comfort to know it was the man of the house, and not an intruder."

Their eyes met as he spoke, and she knew what was in his mind. Perhaps Pauline, too, had noted the ugly gleam in those black orbs of young Lawson; and distrust for the mountaineer wooer had been aroused thereby.

"No, there is another door that leads right into the room dad has at the back of the cabin; he always comes in that way when he has been—I mean when he is out nights," and her rosy face told that the recollection of the business which took the old man out many a night was anything but pleasant to her.

Karl could easily imagine how this high-spirited maid of the mountains must have pleaded many times with her father since coming to keep his house in order, as a duty devolving on a daughter. Perhaps she still had hopes of eventually winning his consent to give up this life of defiance toward the forces of the law; but long habits cling tightly, and the old man had made moonshine whisky pretty much through all the years of his existence, so that it had become second nature for him to watch the still and smuggle the contraband spirits to market.

The wooden blind was presently closed, and somehow Karl breathed freer.

"Listen," said the girl, as she took up a tallow candle, intending to pass into another room; "when you have blown out your light, please draw your cot along the wall to that empty space yonder. Don't ask me why, but promise to do it—for my peace of mind!"

Karl immediately understood. She was constantly thinking of him and his safety. Perhaps she feared lest some unknown party might have located the position of the cot before the shutter was closed, and during the night a shotgun might be fired at close range through the aperture that was left for air, riddling the cot, and at the same time doing for any one chancing to be resting upon it.

Well, he had been well warned that he would run just such dangers if he persisted in coming to this Land of the Sky in pursuit of the game that had so long defied the authorities; and even with this knowledge before him he had accepted the dare.

"I'll do whatever you say, if the promise can make you feel any easier. But I think it's a shame that you couldn't allow that candle to slip out of your hand, just by accident, as I clumsily knock over my dip; so as to give me a chance to strike a match, and light them up again."

She looked at him archly, as though instantly understanding what his ridiculous proposition meant.

"It would be too dangerous, and you must wait, I'm afraid. Good night!" and with one flash of her beaming eyes that almost set him wild with happiness, she passed into the adjoining apartment, closing the connecting door after her.

As he was supposed to be a sorely wounded man, and quite unable to do much for himself, Karl made no attempt to disrobe further. He presently blew his candle out, and then, leaving his cot, proceeded to draw it, inch by inch, along the wall, until he had succeeded in placing it in the position designated by the girl.

The livingroom was in absolute darkness, save for that little circular shaft

She bade him good night.

of light that came through the aperture in the shutter, and he noted that when he lay down he was no longer in a direct line with that opening. It was comforting to know that he was not subject to a volley from an unseen foe without, and it seemed pleasant to the sighing lover to realize how his welfare was an object of such constant regard on the part of the girl who had once been his sweetheart.

The nightmare of a year had passed, and once again happiness came into his keeping. He had lifted the curtain of deep mystery that had rested on her action in leaving him without any explanation and remaining hidden ever since. It had been pride on her part, and a mistaken belief that he would scorn her, once he knew the humble source of her birth, as well as the fact that her father was a notorious lawbreaker, a man who made moonshine whisky, and defied the authorities to stop his illicit traffic. So Karl lay there for an hour, thinking, planning, and endeavoring to obtain a glimpse of the happiness which he hoped the immediate future held for him.

All the while he was listening, expecting to hear the return of Luke Johnson. It gave him a nasty feeling when he was forced to face this part of the proposition; for he could not help wondering whether, after all, Pauline might not turn against him when she learned the truth, and that he had come here, sworn to do his duty and arrest her father.

No wonder then that the young man could not find the heart to sleep, with all these things weighing on his mind. He listened, and started when a slight sound came from witnout; but presently decided that it was only caused by the branch of a neighboring tree scraping against the overhanging eaves of the cabin. This eased the strain on his mind, for in imagination he had already seen the cowardly would-be assassin creeping up, gun in hand, to thrust the end of the barrels through that little opening, and then pulling both triggers.

Ah! that was the sound of wheels without a doubt, and not the distant cry of a screech owl. Karl remembered having heard the same shortly after old Luke had departed. He could give a shrewd guess that the moonshiner had been off with his mule and cart to get a new supply of the illicit stuff from some cache, where those who worked the secret still had hidden it, awaiting his coming.

So the supposed wounded aviator silently left his cot, and creeping across the floor of the cabin, brought up at the hole in the heavy shutter. It had been giving him more or less concern of late, and he decided that since it must be a poor game that would not work both ways, he might make it serve a different purpose now.

A full moon hung in the sky, and things at a short distance stood out almost as positively as in the daytime. The creaking sound of wheels came closer. Then Karl caught sight of the ramshackle vehicle approaching along the road that led from back in the mountains. Old Luke was perched on the seat, and urging the mule along with sundry cuts from a whip. And something in the rickety wagon was covered with an old piece of discolored tarpaulin.

Karl could easily imagine what this might be—doubtless several casks of spirits upon which Uncle Sam would never have the chance to levy revenue toll. With that bright heavenly luminary aiding old Luke to keep to the winding mountain road, it was easy to understand just why the product of these illicit stills had come by the name in general use of "moonshine whisky."

So the vehicle passed from the sight of the Government officer. Satisfied with what he had seen Karl returned to his cot, to woo the goddess of sleep. Another night, and he entertained hopes that he might manage to slip out after the man of the house, and perhaps track him to where his still was hidden in the heart of the Great Smokies.

He must have slept soon after that. He had only a dim recollection of hearing some one moving close by, and supposing that it must be Luke, turning in after his little night expedition.

It was daylight when Karl awoke again. He could hear the songs of birds, and through the hole in the wooden blind the dawn peeped. So he arose, and groping his way to the door, passed out, to wash his face in the tin basin he found hanging up near the rain barrel at the back of the cabin and feel much refreshed from so doing. All the while he did not neglect to utter an occasional grunt, and do considerable limping, as well as feeling of his side. While he might not happen to see any one near by, there was no telling what suspicious eyes might be watching him. And having started to play a part, he must needs go through the whole role.

He was sitting on a bench and building up a few more possible theories concerning his immediate future, and what connection Pauline might have with his fortunes, when he heard a cheery "good morning," and turning, beheld the object of his thoughts close by. There was a roguish smile on the girl's pretty face, and a glow in her dancing blue eyes. Indeed, Karl thought that while he may have considered her most charming in those days that were gone, she was now even more alluring than ever.

He started up with a low cry of entreaty; but she instantly placed a finger on the scarlet lips he fain would have risked his very life to have kissed, and held up a warning hand. Immediately the revenue man remembered that he, too, had a part to play, and must be continually on his guard lest his mask be torn from his face.

Once again they fell to talking naturally. She inquired with real feeling as to how he was coming on, and if his side felt better. Karl would have only too willingly revealed the truth, and admitted that he felt no ill result from that drop with his biplane, only that he feared the result with Pauline. He despised himself for being compelled to deceive her, and only found excuse in the knowledge that duty compelled such action.

Then she went in to start breakfast, while he returned to his cot; for it did not suit his present purpose to appear to be regaining his usual health too rapidly. A couple of nights spent under the hospitable roof of Luke Johnson would no doubt prove ample for his purposes. And during that time, possibly he might find a chance to convince Pauline that she owed a duty to her own heart, and to him, far superior to any she might believe her father entitled to.

If he might discover what he sought, and then induce the girl he loved to fly with him when he quitted the mountains, Karl fancied he could ask nothing more. And he was actually hugging this elusive hope to his heart as he lay there, watching her neat figure darting in and out, as she set the modest board, and attended to the cooking of the breakfast.

Old Luke appeared about the time the meal was ready. Karl answered his greeting as cheerfully as he might. He was conscious of a sense of shame, however, at the thought of how he was playing a double part—accepting the hospitality of the old man, and planning his downfall at the same time.

Of course, nothing would have pleased him more than to join them at the table; whereas he was compelled, by reason of his paining side, to remain there on the cot, and have his breakfast carried to him by the girl. The only satisfaction he got out of it was to seize suddenly upon her hand, when he knew the old man was not looking, and press a burning kiss on it. But after all, that was only a poor substitute for those scarlet lips, the proximity of which was almost setting him wild. She shook her head disapprovingly as she drew her hand hurriedly away; but Karl was himself thrilled immediately after to see her shoot a roguish look at him, and then deliberately kiss the spot his lips had pressed!

CHAPTER VI.
PREPARING FOR WAR.

If there was one thing Karl felt positive about, it lay in the line of the reappearance of his mountain rival. Jack Lawson, he could easily see, was fairly sick with love for the moonshiner's daughter. He may have considered that he held the inside track with Polly in as far as others of his kind were concerned; but the coming of this stranger had apparently upset his calculations greatly.

Even young Lawson could understand that there must be many things in connection with one who lived in the big world beyond the confines of these mountains, such as would be apt to appeal to Polly. She had lived there herself all her life, up to the last year, and undoubtedly missed a thousand and one things that had been a part of her daily existence before this voluntary exile took her to new scenes.

Sure enough, Jack happened along soon after they were through breakfast. He had his father with him in the wagon, and Karl discovered what the other celebrated mountain character looked like; for in his way Phineas Lawson was about as well known as Johnson himself. He was a dapper little fellow, just the antithesis of Luke; but his face had a shrewd cast; and there was the same set chin that could be noticed in his young hopeful, Jack. When Phin Lawson wanted a thing he set about getting

it by every lawful or unlawful means possible. Applying the same system of tactics to Jack, it meant that he would certainly never give up hope of winning Polly until the last hope had been blown.

The two old men sat by themselves. Evidently they had considerable to talk over, for they could be seen using their hands to carry weight in their arguments. Jack hovered around the living-room, where the stranger lay on the cot. He knew by some subtle instinct that by so doing he would be able to cut out any intercourse between the handsome aviator and Polly.

Of course, it occurred to Karl that the other had promised to see to it that no one disturbed his aeroplane until he could get out to mend the broken wing tip. Jack was sitting rather moodily there, his eyes following Polly as she bustled herself about her regular duties. And so, wishing to break the silence, which was becoming rather irksome, Karl proceeded to broach the subject that was on his mind.

"Can you tell me how my poor flying machine is coming on?" he asked.

The dark face of the other lighted up instantly, and it was an expression of eagerness that came upon Karl. Karl knew what must be passing through the mind of this rough mountaineer.

"He'd give almost anything to get rid of me right now, and that's why he promised to keep them from handling the biplane. Well, on the whole, I can't blame the fellow, either, for she's well worth fighting for, is Polly. But whew! what would happen if Jack there only knew how we had once been accepted lovers, and that even now the flame of our affection burns just as bright as ever! If ever that truth comes home to him, I can see trouble in store for a fellow I know, by the name of Karl Roderic Bennings."

This was the nature of the line of thoughts that ran through the brain of the young aviator as he lay there, and listened to what Jack said.

"I done kept my word, sub," Jack was declaring, with some evidence of pride; "an' thar ain't nawthin' come tuh that flyin' bug uh yourn. When I put my private mark on a thing, they ain't a critter 'roundabout hyah as dast tech the same, believe me. She's all thar, an' waitin' till sech time as so be yuh mout git out an' do the mendin'. An' when yuh feel ready tuh take that same leetle jaunt, mistah, yuh kin depend on me tuh keep company. Jest say the word."

Now, naturally it was a part of Karl's little scheme to have that broken plane of his precious flying machine mended just as speedily as possible. True, he was supposed to be suffering more or less just then; but he could not afford to let even such a condition of affairs prevent him from attending to his duty.

"I'd like to get out there right now, and see about that mending, if only some one would help me," he remarked. "If I don't leave here inside of two days, there's small chance of my winning that wager. I wonder now if I could make it?"

He stood up, and seemed to be trying to learn whether he could walk without suffering too much pain from the supposedly fractured ribs. Jack was at his side in a moment, eagerly offering the support of his sturdy arm, with its knotted muscles and firm fingers.

"This is mighty kind of you, Jack," remarked the aviator, as he hobbled around, and then headed for the open door. "And I really believe that I can get over the ground, with your help. Perhaps, after all, I haven't more than a severe sprain, and no ribs are broken. Why, I might even be able to get away tomorrow, providing my machine is kept in condition."

"Make youh mind easy on that score, mistah; she'll be jest as yuh leave her. I give yuh my word on it," said the other, confidently, and with a grim smile on his face at the thought of getting rid of this nuisance so easily.

"Feelin' summat better, be ye, stranger?" called out old Luke, as he noticed the ilfy assorted pair issuing from the cabin.

"Yes, and as I'm anxious to see how my biplane fared in the tumble, Jack has kindly consented to go with me to the spot, and bring me safe back again," Karl made answer.

He heard the old moonshiner give a grunt, and from this Karl understood that Polly's father was not so blind as others might think; for he undoubtedly knew what sort of worm was gnawing at the soul of young Jack, and just why he seemed so anxious to accommodate the stranger, if by so doing he might expedite his flitting.

They were just in the act of moving away when a figure came flying out of the cabin. It was, of course, Polly, sunbonnet and all, who quickly overtook the pair of young men. Perhaps the spectacle of Jack with his arm sustaining his rival was not the most pleasing sight in the world for Polly. Perhaps she challenged the generosity of his motives in thus inveigling Karl away from the vicinity of the Johnson cabin.

"I'm going along with you," she said, "and I've fetched a bottle of that tonic that seemed to do you so much good last night. If you should happen to have a sinking spell come on, it would build you right up. It's made of herbs found here on the mountains; and dad says some day he's going to start in to manufacture it on a large scale, to put it on the market. I wish he'd make up his mind that way now. It would change things a heap."

Karl saw that Jack looked suspiciously at her while she was speaking. Evidently the young mountaineer suspected that his motives were not taken at their outward value by Polly; that she did not mean to let the stranger be alone in the company of so bitter a rival more than could be helped.

"Well, that's awfully kind of you," said the aviator. "That tonic is the finest thing I ever struck, honest now; and if your father would only do what he threatens, I'm sure he'd reap a big harvest, sooner or later. And if I feel weak after a while, I'll ask for a dose."

"But why all this hurry to visit the scene of your fall? You would do better to stay quiet a day or two?" asked the girl, who distrusted the intentions of Jack, and fancied that he had inveigled the other away, so that he might set upon him; or have him carried bodily off by some of his sympathizers.

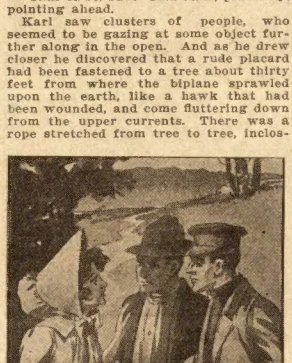
"I am so anxious about that broken wing I could not rest until I learn just how serious the damage is. You see I've got a whole lot dependent on my being able to continue my flight within a given time; and the sooner I know just where I am at, the better for my peace of mind."

If there was a deep meaning back of these words, neither of those who heard them guessed as much. Jack could be seen making faces, as though it tickled him so much to think of getting rid of his rival so quickly that he found it hard to keep from laughing outright. So they continued to walk along the trail toward the spot where the descent of the biplane had come about, by accident as it must have seemed to those who observed the sudden descent, but in reality through closely planned design.

They met several people on the way, evidently coming from the spot. All of them, men, women and children, just took it out in staring at the limping aviator, as if they were prone to consider him a being from another world, who had thus dropped unexpectedly among them. And so he was, in reality; for there could be no possible resemblance between the society Karl was accustomed to, and that of the backwoods mountains. The only link connecting them, in his mind, was the fact that Pauline had graced both with the charm of her presence.

"Thar it be, suh!" said Jack, presently, pointing ahead.

Karl saw clusters of people, who seemed to be gazing at some object further along in the open. And as he drew closer he discovered that a rude placard had been fastened to a tree about thirty feet from where the biplane sprawled upon the earth, like a hawk that had been wounded, and come fluttering down from the upper currents. There was a rope stretched from tree to tree, inclosing the entire open space. And on reading the rude sign, no one could long remain ignorant of the fact that the said cord indicated what was really a dead line.



"I'm going with you."

This was what Karl saw as he turned his eyes upward toward the placard:

"NOTICE.

"This is to let it be known that anybody passing this line does so at the risk of their lives. I give my word that this here flying machine was goin to stay just as she fell. So, keep off, unless you wants to have trouble with

"JACK LAWSON."

Perhaps Jack wrote that notice himself; and then again he may have influenced some one better qualified to spell to carry out his designs. If it stood for his own handiwork, then it was certain that he could write much better than he could talk.

The magic in that name of Lawson had evidently kept curious people from passing beyond the "dead line." They knew what it meant to arouse the anger of Jack Lawson. That rope, backed by a notice with his name signed at the bottom, was as effective as a cordon of gun fighters.

It was with considerable eagerness that Karl proceeded once more to examine his biplane. He breathed easier when he had made sure that the injury was only superficial, and could be remedied in half an hour or so. When he insisted upon setting to work at once it was to meet with the protests of Pauline.

"You are too ambitious, and will surely pay for it in the end, by having to remain here longer than you calculate on," she said, frowning at his activity; for of course he felt compelled to accompany his movements with sundry dismal groans and sighs that must have stabbed her tender heart, thinking them the real thing.

"I reckons as how he orter know what's best foh him, Polly," remarked Jack, intent on encouraging a hasty departure all he could. "Yuh jest keep that ere bottle o' tonic handy, in case he gits weak like. I 'low tuh help all I kin."

He did, too, not because it gave him any pleasure to be working alongside the object of his secret hatred, but because he had a reason to speed the parting guest. Polly hovered near, joining in the conversation at times, and watching Karl as might an anxious mother. He was more than once sorely tempted to pretend to have a relapse. Just in order to feel her dear hands about his face, or have her hold his head up while she poured a potion from the bottle of magic tonic down his throat. But the fear lest Jack push her aside, and persist in doing it all, deterred him.

The broken plane was soon made sound again, and when this had been done the young aviator believed he had things in such readiness that a speedy departure lay within his power, should he have need of haste. In order further to carry out the part he had taken upon himself, he felt that after all had been done he ought to call upon that wonderful bottle for a cordial, in order to bolster up his apparently ebbing strength.

"Say, I don't reckon as how yuh mout be able to try at flyin' right now, be yuh?" asked Jack, with an eagerness he was unable to wholly conceal.

Karl smiled, and shook his head dubiously as he replied:

"I'd like to be able to, all right; but as it is I'm afraid I've about reached the limit of my strength for today. In fact, I'd like to have a swig at that same tonic right now, before we start back to the cabin."

He got it, too, nor would Polly allow Jack to take the bottle from her, but insisted on playing the part of nurse by pouring out a potion into the tin cup she had carried along. And what made Karl sad, was the fact that he felt compelled to accept the same without even the privilege of touching the little hand that held the cup to his lips. But at any rate there was some compensation for that in noticing how darkly Jack scowled, and ground his teeth at seeing their faces so close together.

The continuation of this remarkable story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.60 per year, and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

Goethals' Method.

The following story is told of Col. George W. Goethals, who at the time it occurred was an instructor in engineering at West Point.

One day, during a recitation, he gave out this question to a class of cadets:

"The post flags' pole, sixty feet high, has fallen down. You are ordered by your commanding officer to put it up again. You have under your command a sergeant and ten privates of the engineer corps. How would you get the pole back into place?"

Each cadet, after long consideration and much figuring over derricks, blocks, tackle, and so on, evolved a different method.

"No," said Goethals, "you are all wrong. You would simply say: 'Sergeant, put up that flagpole!' "

Turned the Joke.

Pat was busy on a Hull road working with his coat off. There were two Englishmen laboring on the same road, so they decided to have a joke with the Irishman. They painted a donkey's head on the back of Pat's coat, and watched to see him put it on. Pat, of course, saw the donkey's head on his coat, and, turning to the Englishmen said:

"Which of yez wiped your face on my coat?"

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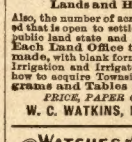

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THE LOST MULTIMILLIONAIRE

Or, ADVENTURES IN OSSABAW

By E. W. BATEMAN

I saw him stumble and fall.

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CHAPTER VI.

STRAIGHT for that rock I made and pulled my horse back on his haunches with the sudden stop. When he came down I swept the white man off the rock and wheeled back up the hill. But it was too late, for with a howl like a pack of wolves they swept after me. The gallant black straining under a double load lurched wildly up the hill as the negroes swarmed round me. I jammed my rifle in one's side and pulled the trigger. In answer to its crack came the report of Miss Marshall's rifle, once, twice, three times. Dumfounded at this sudden hail of lead they faltered, and I swept on. But as they saw their prey escaping they again rushed, surging around, grasping at the reins, and trying to pull me from the saddle. The old man lay across the saddle like one dead, and both hands free, I pumped death into their ranks until they gave way with a cry of despair. And with a mighty rush the black leaped over the brow of the hill and down the trail behind Miss Marshall. Like shadows we flew through the woods at a breakneck speed, never drawing rein until we reached the road. Miss Marshall was trembling like a leaf when I reached her side.

"Mr. Williams," she exclaimed, "not thirty minutes ago I asked you if you were afraid to follow me. You have answered it, sir. Can you ever pardon me?"

"I will answer it with a question, Miss Marshall. How can I ever repay you for saving my life? If it had not been for your rifle, I would be back in that hollow now and——" but a gesture of horror cut me short.

"Do you know this man?" I continued.

"No. I have never seen him before."

His face looked strangely familiar to me, but I could not recall where I had seen him; so I gathered him in my arms and we set off in a rapid gallop for Marshall Manor. Every minute was valuable now, for we had thrown the glove of battle and shed blood, and a small army would be sweeping up that road in our wake in an hour's time.

Mile after mile we reeled off and the horsese were blowing when he swept around the sharp curve in the road and sighted the house. Red and Uncle Tom were standing on the porch, and they saw something was amiss when we swept up the driveway and dismounted. Red sprang down the steps to meet us, while Uncle Tom took the steaming horses.

"Why whom have you here?" cried Red, as he spied my strange burden.

And then he came closer and peered into the old man's face. If I had been holding a rattlesnake in my arms he could not have more startled. Twice he opened his mouth to speak—but could make no sound.

"Speak man, speak!" I cried. "Where have we seen this man before?"

"You haven't seen him," he answered, "but I have. It's John Howard Manston."

It was my turn to be stricken speechless. How could this be the man we sought for days, and when we had lost all hope of finding him have him suddenly thrust, figuratively, in our very arms? It was past all understanding, so I stood by silently while Red told Miss Marshall the pathetic story of how this man had lost that which all his millions could not give back to him, and how he had escaped and been sought by us only to be found when we had lost all hope in the search.

"As for surprises," he concluded, "this is the limit, that's all. Nothing can surprise me now."

"Can't it?" I retorted, as that scene in the swamp came back to me. "You just wait till these devils come round to collect your red scalp." And I pointed to my bloody trousers.

"That blood was spilled by us, when we interfered with their religious rites and snatched this man from death. And you may be sure that when you violate things sacred in a negro's eyes, it spells trouble with a big 'T.' I cannot regret that we did it, but it has come to the worst, and we must defend our lives as best we may."

"But let us try to do something for this poor man, Mr. Williams," interposed Miss Marshall. "He looks so wretched and ill. Let me go and prepare a room for him."

"By all means," I answered, for her words were more than true. The old man had sunk into a stupor, and his breathing was barely perceptible. His face showed the ravages of want and exposure, and torn, mud-caked garments completed the distressing picture. I looked a question at Red, and he nodded. Indeed it seemed that Death had already beckoned to him.

Miss Marshall called from the door, and I bore him up the stairs and into the room. While Miss Marshall went for the restoratives we undressed him, put him in bed, and bathed his face with cold water. The shock seemed to rouse him a bit, but he sank back into unconsciousness in a moment, and when Miss Marshall returned nothing could arouse him, though we tried them all.

"We will leave him," I decided, "for me must make some preparations." I then explained to them my plan of defense.

"Now, Miss Marshall, we will carry your case of cartridges to the sitting-room, where they will be at hand when we need them," and we followed her into the next room. I noted with a glance that it was a sort of impromptu dining-room, common in the South, tastefully decorated with the trophies of the hunt, with racks for gun and shells. Miss Marshall pointed to the case in the corner.

"If you don't mind, we'll get the ammunition for the other gun, too," I said.

"Of course it is in this room."

"Yes, I had almost forgotten it," answered Miss Marshall, and she began looking for them as Red and I took the cartridges between us and carried them to the sittingroom. A few moments later, Miss Marshall joined us.

"Very successful, General," she exclaimed, with a triumphant smile, "I found four boxes," and she handed them to me.

Then we went to work in earnest. Paintings, curtains, bric-a-brac, etc., followed each other in a steady stream up the stair to the gunroom.

Uncle Tom came in, and I ordered him to fasten and bar every undefended door and window, and nail up the blinds to the latter. We worked steadily for a half-hour, and when we had finished we went out to inspect the outside work. Uncle Tom had done well, for every window was shuttered and the doors barred from the inside. The old house was almost a fort.

It was Red who spoke first, and he voiced the sentiments of all three.

"I'd like to get a line on the proceedings of that gang, and find out exactly what they intend to do. It seems impossible that this is the twentieth century, if we are on the edge of it, and that in an hour's time we may be fighting a tribe of savages in defense of our lives."

There was no answer to the implied question, so we did not speak. Then suddenly an idea possessed me.

"Perhaps we can get the very knowledge you want. Can that observatory be reached?" I asked Miss Marshall, as I pointed to the top of the house.

"Yes, very easily," she answered, and reading my meaning, continued: "Let us go up at once," and we followed her as she lead the way up through the very heart of the house and out on the observatory.

The sight that struck my eye was good to behold. The whole island lay beneath my view, and the soft red rays of the setting sun dealt more gently with it than the midday glare. To the north was the swamp, with its sea of waving pines and evergreen; to the east the deserted rice-fields lay dead and somber, but they lent impressiveness to the scene. To the south and west lay the lands that were cultivated. In deed and truth there was little in that peaceful scene that spoke of a savage foe and lurking danger.

Red broke the silence: "There can't be anything to it, that's all. Jimmy Williams, you are an alarmist by nature," he added, laughingly. "Those poor coons are no doubt all at home, now, wondering where the next meal is coming from."

I started to retort in the same spirit, when the memory of that wild, impassioned mob, who had torn at me with their naked hands rather than let me escape, swept through my mind, and with a silent shudder I turned to the north—and there the Ogeechees answered for me.

For straight in front of me, about six miles away, a thick column of smoke was rising skyward. Fascinated, I watched it a moment. Larger and larger it grew, and then from its base there shot a tongue of fire, which grew into a sheet of flame. I turned to find the others as intent upon it as I, and we looked at each other understandingly. The Ogeechees had reached the first house.

Silently, we filed down the narrow garret stairs to the second floor, where we halted.

"We must go in and see Colonel Marshall," I said, and with silent consent they followed me through the open door of his room.

"Well?" he questioned, with a quiet smile.

"We are going to need your rifle, sir," I answered and picking it up from where I placed it I slung it under my arm. "And I hope that a few popping guns will not annoy you."

"I was at San Juan Hill," he replied, simply, as he turned his eyes longingly to two crossed swords over the mantel. I smiled at him in sympathy, but to save my life I could not say a word. As for that matter, no one could. It was no time for unnecessary speech.

Red and I went out, leaving father and daughter together. At the foot of the stair we halted.

"Red, you and I will defend the front of the house, for it will catch the brunt of the attack. We must leave the rear to Uncle Tom, and if he gets in bad one or the other will help him."

"And where do I come in?" asked a cold, quiet voice behind us and there stood Miss Marshall. It was what I had feared and expected for hours, but my consternation was well feigned.

"Miss Marshall, I cannot, will not, allow it!" I cried. "Suppose you were wounded—or killed?"

"I have thought of all this, and I knew what you would say before you said it." Her voice sank lower and lower and her face was as white as death. "Why will you make it so hard for me to make it plain! Suppose that they carried the house, do you think for

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a moment, they would be merciful enough to kill me?"

A hot flush of shame swept o'er me. Insufferable fool that I was, not to see the most horrible of all fates that stared her in the face! And here was I with a false sense of chivalry, asking her to sit by quietly while it thundered at her very door.

"I cannot ask your pardon, Miss Marshall, for I am simply unpardonable," I answered, and my voice trembled in spite of my efforts to steady it. "But I hope for the honor of fighting by your side."

"You have not offended, sir," she answered, very gently, as she extended her hand, "and I was sure that you would see the necessity."

At that instant, Uncle Tom burst wildly into the front door, his face ashy with fear; "Lil' Miss, dey is burnin' de las' house, an' God help us! We is de las' thing lef' in they path."

CHAPTER VII.

Silently we waited and watched. Minutes flew by and grew into a half-hour. The shadows were lengthening fast. Would they never come? Then far down the road came the hum of many voices, broken occasionally by a maudlin shout. "The fools," thought I. "They have thrown away any chance for a surprise."

Nearer and nearer it grew, until we could see them through the thin woods at the curve of the road, and then they halted, and out from their midst strode the giant preacher. Slowly he came forward holding his hands aloft, to signify a peaceful mission; but I noticed that he had a cheap "Trade" gun slung at his hip. Twice he stopped and shouted something, and finally halted at the end of the driveway.

"I think he wants to talk to us," I said to Miss Marshall. "Can you talk with them?"

"I think I can," she answered, and together we stepped out through the open window and stood at the top of the steps.

I motioned for him to come forward until he was about thirty yards away and I stopped him again. He spoke quietly for a moment. "He wants to know why we stole their Messiah and slew his brethren?" said Miss Marshall

"Tell him because they would have done him wrong. Ask him what they mean by stealing cattle and burning houses?"

He answered again. "He says, their women and children are starving and had to have meat, and that they want their prophet," whispered Miss Marshall.

"Tell them, if they will go back to their nets and traps that we will give them food tomorrow; but they cannot get their prophet at all," I answered. For a moment after we stood eying each other, and then he turned away without reply.

"There was nothing to this conference at all," I whispered to Miss Marshall, as we turned toward the window. "He was trying to find out how many of us there——" like a flash the negro had turned and snatched his gun from his hip. Taken unawares, I had only time to spring in front of Miss Marshall, when it roared out. But the shot rattled harmlessly against the woodwork above our heads, and I saw him stumble and fall. We sprang into the open window, and Red greeted us with a smoking rifle.

"I beat him to it," he said, with a grim smile; "I kept him covered all the time, for I thought he would break loose when you didn't expect it. Here they come!"

The Ogeechees had witnessed the scene, and with a wild shout they broke cover and swept up to the house. And then and there they learned a lesson. At one hundred and fifty yards and a mob for a target! It was sickening! On they came until they reached the driveway, but there they wavered away before that shower of lead. Yet they came back sullenly, and volley after volley of the small shot from their cheap shotguns rattled against the house or brought the window panes crashing about our ears. Then suddenly, their firing ceased, and only the drifting smoke and the huddled bodies were left to show the bloody repulse they had suffered.

At a loss to understand this, we watched them intently. They were crawling around something, and they were curiously silent. Then the sonorous voice of that old negro preacher broke the stillness, and we understood. Red's bullet had not sent him to his final reward, by any means. For several minutes, sitting on two brawny shoulders, he harangued them. Then suddenly he bared his mighty breast, and showed them the jagged bullet-hole in his shoulder. Then he pointed to the silent bodies in the driveway, and it started them like the crack of a starter's pistol in a race.

Like furies they came, yelling. We pumped our guns like mad. When they reached that fatal driveway, though, they faltered and gave back a little. Then as the voice of the preacher reached them they held ground stubbornly. Red's face was bleeding, where a stray shot had struck him, and I shuddered as I thought, "If it had been a bullet!"

Our magazines were empty, and the moments lost in reloading would have settled us, had they known it. But it really worked to our advantage. Out of their ranks burst a youth, wild with rage, and he made straight for the steps. He had almost reached them before we had reloaded, but the awful sight he made as he fell, his chest rent to pieces by three bullets, finished them. With a yell of terror they made for cover, the fight all gone out of them. The second attack was over.

For a moment I though Miss Marshall would faint, for she swayed unsteadily. "What is it?" I whispered, as I grasped her arm and steadied her, though I knew already; I was trembling all over myself.

"The horror of it!" she gasped. "Tell me, for I cannot bear to look at him, did I hit that poor boy?"

"No," I lied deliberately, "for there are only two bullet-holes," and if the recording Angel ever passed up a lie it was that one, for the good it did.

Though they did not make a direct attack, they kept us busy, for they drew a big half-circle and tried creeping in slowly, inch by inch, for a final rush. It was tiresome work, and the deepening twilight made it all the harder. And worse still, our stock of cartridges was running lower and lower as we kept a steady fire on everything that moved. If they kept this up, it was only a question of time before they got us.

Then their firing ceased and they drew off. We were somewhat puzzled at this, but it gave us a breathing spell, and we were only too glad to get it. We stacked our rifles near the door, and Miss Marshall called Uncle Tom.

"Bring us something to eat at once, and we'll eat in here," and she sank down into a big armchair, the weariness of death itself upon her face.

The moon was rising full and round. Down at the curve of the road I could hear the shouting of the Ogeechees and see the glimmer of their fires.

"I think the same limb has struck the whole crowd," I said. "They never dreamed of any determined resistance, and they have shot away their ammunition. They have got a hazy idea that they are going to make us do the same thing, and they have nearly succeeded. Red, it all depends on you. You'll have to try the boat. With Miss Marshall's rifle we may hold them, till the soldiers get here. Can you do it?"

"I can try," he answered, quietly, and the way he set his jaw spoke volumes.

"How long will it take you to make the trip?"

"Two hours, if nothing happens. And a revenue cutter will be here in three more."

Could we hold the house till midnight? The scale of fate was nicely balanced indeed.

Uncle Tom brought the food and we ate it hurriedly. Then Miss Marshall went upstairs to her father, and Red and I went out on the porch.

"Red," I whispered, "it's a very brave thing you are doing. While you may save my own life, there is something here dearer than life to me. Do you understand?"

"Of course, I do, lad," he answered, softly. "And just you keep her 'safe till twelve o'clock and all will be well. If I fail, may God keep you both." He paused a moment with one leg over the railing. "If I reach the boat in safety, I'll fire one shot," and with a hearty handshake he sprang to the ground, slid out into the shadows, and was gone.

The moon had risen now and the grounds were almost as light as day. The Ogeechees were still gathered around their fires, and I could see them moving to and fro, and hear them shouting and jabbering to one another. I stepped inside just as Miss Marshall came down the stairs.

"Is he gone?" she asked softly.

"Yes, by several minutes?" I answered. "How were your father and the Messiah?"

"He was feeling very badly, and the Prophet was still unconscious. Are the negroes quiet?"

"I am more than ever convinced that they are almost out of ammunition, and that the leader of theirs is trying to screw them up to where they will attack as with what they have. They are sticking close to the fires, and seem to be eating and drinking. I am going to do sentry duty on the porch, so I may watch all proceedings."

"May I join you?" she asked.

"Of course, if you will," and I commenced filling the magazine of my gun. I say commenced, for I did not finish just then, for a cry from Miss Marshall stopped me.

"Why—what on earth——" she was fingering excitedly with the magazine of her gun. "I found my rifle!"

With a single bound I was at her side and bent over it. The discovery I made left me dumb with horror. Then Miss Marshall was speaking; and the words fell from her lips like a prayer:

"We are in the hands of God, for he has taken my rifle."

CHAPTER VIII.

Far away to the west, as if to mock us, came the report of a rifle shot. Red was gone, and with him our only hope.

I took the rifle from her hands and slowly emptied the magazine, counting the cartridges as they fell in my hand. One—two—three—four—five—six, and then they stopped. I almost laughed, for my gun could only muster eighteen. Twenty-four cartridges for five hours fighting! I called Uncle Tom.

"How many cartridges have you?" I asked, as he came out of the darkness of the hall.

"Dis here gun am full, suh," he answered, not knowing the import of the question.

"Very well, you may go back to your post." I said quietly, for it would have been cruel to have told him the truth.

It was as I thought, Red's rifle and Uncle Tom's were the same caliber, and he had taken all of the cartridges after both rifles had been loaded, and what was left of them were resting serenely in his coat pockets.

"We are truly in the hand of Providence," I said, slowly, after he had gone. "Red has unwittingly disarmed us. But we must begin our watch, anyway." And together we stepped out on the porch.

The cold, white moonlight lit up the scene with unearthly pallor, and the dark huddle of lifeless bodies lent somberness to the scene. Miss Marshall shivered. Down in the woods the Ogeechees were getting wilder and wilder in their orgies. In an hour or two they would be frantic enough to attack us again, and we might beat them off once, and then—the end.

Softly we trod the veranda, watching their every move. Slowly the minutes flew by; once we halted for a moment, and I saw her lips moving. She was praying.

An hour passed and the negroes were not so noisy. Were they going to wait, certain that they would eventually get us, until morning? Oh, if they only would!

"Go and see how your father and Manston are," I whispered. In a few moments she was back.

"The Prophet is no better; and my father—" a little sob caught in her throat—"he is very ill. I know he will never get over the strain of this, even if we are saved."

If I could only have taken her in my arms and comforted her! We began our weary vigil again. Slowly the minutes grew into another hour. The Ogeechees had begun their orgies once more, and they were wilder than ever before.

I was all alert now, for they were likely to attack us any moment. Then suddenly the voice of their preacher rose above the other noises until they were stilled. For several minutes he spoke to them quietly, and then it rose to that high singsong that is peculiar to them. He was a natural leader and he swayed them with his savage eloquence like reeds in the wind. For a half-hour he spoke, and when he was through, I looked for the attack. Yet it did not come.

Once again they gathered around their fires, and I could see them passing the fiery native whisky among them. They still feared the crack of our rifles.

I hoped against hope. Red had been gone three hours. Would they hold back two more? Silently we strode up and down the porch, while the Ogeechees howled and danced below. Slowly the minutes dragged by, and another half-hour was gone. Then the voice of their leader stilled them again, and he was speaking with torrents of passionate appeal, he wrought on their emotional natures until they rocked with frenzy. Then came that wild chant of the throng with his great voice rising above them all.

When the last note had died away, I saw him spring to a near-by fire, and grasping a flaming brand, start toward the house. Others followed his example, and in a moment a hundred blazing torches were flashing behind him.

"Lost!" I thought desperately, as we emptied our guns into their ranks. They faltered, turned to the right, and swept around the house like a pack in full cry. I heard Uncle Tom's rifle bark out, and their yell of surprise at this unexpected resistance. For a moment things were quiet, and I swept Miss Marshall to the stairway. Then a dull glow lit up the yard and I smelled burning hay. Then the glow became a bright glare; they had fired the barn. Then came crack after crack as Uncle Tom fired his last shots and came running back to us, the fear of death written plainly on his face.

"Go to your mistress's room, Tom," I said, as kindly as I could. "That is, if you think you can't escape."

The old negro understood, and for an instant wavered in doubt. Then he drew himself up, and with a courtly bow passed up the steps.

Outside the roar and crackle of the fire drowned everything else. I turned to Miss Marshall, and though even her lips were bloodless, she returned my gaze steadily.

"My rifle has three cartridges left in it," I was forcing the words from my lips. "You must take it, and promise me that they will never touch you while you live."

"And you?" she whispered.

"I am going to hold these stairs till—till they get by."

"You must not," she gasped.

"Mary." I spoke the name softly and reverently, "I had not thought to die this way. Yet, I do not fear death, and to die for you is glorious. I have hoped and prayed we might pass through this

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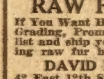

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danger, so that I might tell you of the great love that has come to me? But this is the end, and I will die loving you as I loved you living," and sinking on my knees, I took both of her hands in mine and kissed them.

Slowly, like a drooping flower, she knelt beside me.

"It cannot be so," she whispered. "The God of night will save us. You must live for my sake."

Something heavy crashed against the rear door. "Go!" I said. Another crash and another, and the sound of many feet. She lingered a moment as we looked into each other's eyes—and was gone. And with clubbed rifle I turned and faced the rear, as a score of snarling, maddened blacks swarmed into the hall and gathered at the foot of the stairs.

A great shout went up when they saw me standing there, silently awaiting their attack. Then two of them bounded forward, their knives gleaming wickedly in the fierce glare. I gave the rifle a mighty swing and caught the foremost squarely. It crashed through his upraised arm to his head, and down he went like an ox before the butcher's mallet. The other sprang and tried to grapple, I swung my left arm free, and struck him with the rifle barrel across the small of the back. With a sickening thud he crashed headforemost at their very feet.

With a yell they drew back, and then their ranks parted and the giant leader strode through. For a full moment he looked at me, his mighty shoulders thrown back and his eyes glaring with fanatical fury, and, as if released by some great spring, he threw himself at me. I met him with an awful blow that staggered him, yet he grasped me in his arms and ripped at me with his knife. I felt the hot blood gush out of my shoulder, and I knew I was wounded. With a mighty heave I threw him loose and struck him across the face once—twice—three times. Like a mighty pine under the woodsman's axe, he tottered, and I swung for a fourth blow. But it never reached him, for he fell straight back into the arms of his followers.

The blood was pouring down my back in a steady stream, and I was faint and sick. I reeled against the wall, and with a shout of triumph they surged forward. I struck once—twice, and then went down from weight of numbers. A knife ripped into my right side.

"Death!" I thought, as a big black arm swung up and poised an instant for the last blow. And then my failing senses must have left me, for far away I seemed to hear familiar voices shouting and a fusillade of shots. Something heavy across my chest was shutting off my breath, but I could not raise it. Then the scene gradually faded and was gone.

CHAPTER IX.

What on earth was the matter with my head? It was whirling around like a windmill, and the worst part about it was that I couldn't stop it. In a panic I closed my eyes. Ah—that was it! Slower and slower it got, and then stopped dead still. Where was I? To save my life I couldn't remember, but I had a hazy recollection of a big fight with a legion of black shadows that persisted in getting up when I had knocked them down. The problem was too deep for me, and I was sleepy anyhow. So I turned over and went to sleep.

When I awoke I felt much better, and my head was satisfied that it couldn't sever connection with my body, and had quit turning. I ventured to look around me. Everything was white—snowy white. Was I in Heaven? I got an immediate answer to my question. A door opened, and a familiar red head appeared. That settled it, for I would have known that head anywhere. I was not in Heaven, for Red Sanders would never get there; but I would soon know, for I would ask Red.

What in the dickens was gone with my voice? Something awful had happened, sure enough. Why didn't Red look this way? After a while he came over to a little table near me and began fussing over something.

"Where am I, Red?" I finally managed to wheeze.

Red couldn't have looked more surprised if Satan himself had appeared and spoken to him.

"Jimmy, lad!" he cried joyously. "Was it you really? Have you come back from the Make-Believe Land?"

I tried to smile, "Where am I?" I repeated.

"Where are you? You just wait!" and he dashed out of the room like a young cyclone.

I was remembering things now; slowly at first, and then with a rush that almost overcame me. What had happened after that fight on the stairs?

Red danced back into the room, simply radiating joy.

"Oh, you'll know where you are all right, when I get through with you," he chuckled. "I am going to give you a big dose of Dr. Sanders' famous home-made emulsion, known as Concentrated Joy. Enter, tonic."

And then the last of the mists rolled away. For there in the doorway stood Mary Marshall, and the next instant with a glad little cry, she was kneeling by my side.

A week had passed, and I was able to crawl around the house. And bit by bit I learned what had happened during the four long weeks that I had spent on the edge of things.

First, how Red had conceived the idea of bringing back a boat-load of soldiers, and let the others follow later; and how the squad had got there just in time "to save the pieces," as Red expressed it. The company had followed later and swept the island clean of the Ogeechees. And, next, how the post surgeon, trailing along with the company, had his hands full patching me up. And how he had found Colonel Marshall in a precarious condition and by a simple operation had made health and strength possible for him once more.

And last, but not least, the fate of John Manston. The mystery of his coming to the island and posing as the Second Messiah could not be explained; but it was supposed that he was a stowaway on one of the oyster sloops and had escaped ashore. Anyway, it made the scoop of the decade when Red brought him back to the Institution and the story came out.

Two weeks sped by, and I had almost regained my former strength. It was all settled, and when Red and I returned in the spring there was to be a wedding. The morning came for us to leave, and Mary drove us down to the landing, for we were going by way of the launch. Everything was ready to cast off before any one said a word of good-by.

"I am not going to say good-by, Mr. Sanders," said Mary, "for you are coming back so soon. So it's 'au revoir' and God speed," and she extended her hand.

Why should a fellow blush before his best friend, and, likewise, why should it become contagious the moment you take both of your lady's hands? We both looked imploringly at Red.

"Oh, I'll turn my back," he said, with a pleased chuckle, and he did. The reader can fancy what happened.

The End.

* * *

Looks Are Deceiving.

Having crossed one leg over the other and settled himself more comfortably in his porch chair, the young man said: "Yes, he told me that I could read character like a shot—sort of natural gift, you know! I suppose some people are born like that, and if they aren't there isn't any use of trying. I've always felt that I could do it, but, of course, I never said anything about it on my own hook—but when a man like that tells you such a thing you feel you have some ground for asserting it."

"Does—does it make you feel funny—or anything!" inquired the fluffy girl, wide-eyed.

"Oh, no," the young man told her, reassuringly. "Nothing like that. It's just a feeling that you have it within you to comprehend people to the utmost. You feel that if there is any twist in their characters they cannot conceal it from your instinct——"

"My goodness," cried the fluffy girl. "You frighten me!"

The young man laughed. "I think you needn't be afraid of any character readers," he told her. "Some people well might, though. Just to give you an example, I'll take that stout, prosperous-looking woman who has just stopped out in front to talk to that little boy. At first glance I suppose you would say she was quite ordinary and commonplace-looking, but the taste in which she is dressed proves she is of good station in life. Nothing shallow or frivolous about her!

"She is probably the president of the Ladies' Aid Society," went on the young man, "and on three or four charity boards and always chairman of committees when they want some one with executive ability and brains. She is kindly and gentle of nature—see the manner in which her hand is laid on the boy's shoulder. The line of her nose shows the soft, feminine quality."

The fluffy girl had some difficulty in getting over a coughing spell. She looked worried. "I'm so sorry," she apologized, "but that woman is the cook mother discharged last week because it was impossible to teach her anything and she had such a dangerous temper we were afraid of her. She——"

But the young man had fled.

* * *

Better Than an Alibi.

Col. G. M. Quarles, a tobacco planter in Christian County, Kentucky, has a darky manservant named Mose. Mose was driving his boss into town one day when he suddenly remarked:

"Marse Garrett, dey had me up befoah my church las' night fur dancin'."

"I don't suppose you were guilty—were you, Mose?" asked the Colonel.

"Yas, suh; yas, suh," said Mose. I was guilty of dancin' and dey proved it on me, too; but I come clear. My friends stuck to me close, and after dem other niggers had done testified ag'inst me my friends all got up and testified dat, though it was true I danced, I was so drunk at the time I didn't know what I was doin'. So I come clear—and the preacher 'scused me!"

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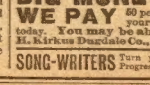

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AN ARTIST SURPRISED.

A Safe Bet.

She—"If fashion makes our dresses any skimpier I really don't know what we women will do."
He—"I do; you'll wear the dresses."

OVERENTHUSIASTIC.

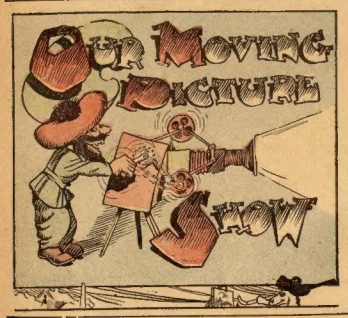
The trout beheld the shining fly.
He leaped for it as first it fell.
And on the hook he murmured, "I
'Swatted' not wisely, but too well!"

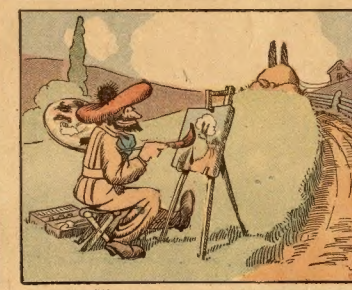
HER LOOKS.

Little dabs of powder,
Little specks of paint,
Make my lady's freckles
Look as if they ain't.

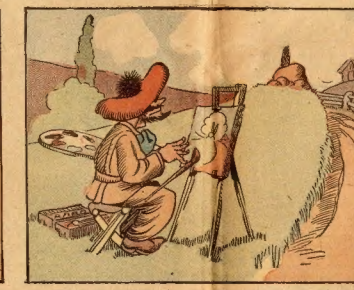
Regardless of Microbes.

"She has the prettiest mouth in all the world."
"Oh, I don't know! I'd put mine up against it any time."



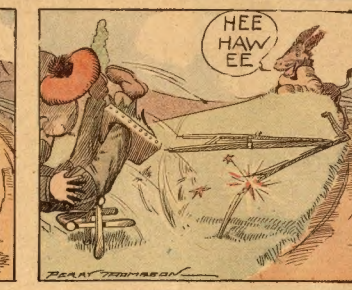


Painter—"Ah, those grand old trees! This will be a masterpiece.



"What's the matter? Are my eyes on the bum or did that tree disappear?

"Great Scott! They're both there but they're crooked!



"Help! It's a donkey!"

A Blow.

"Since you have decided not to marry me, please give me my presents back."
"Well, of all the nerve! You're the first man I've ever been engaged to that showed such a mean spirit!"

The Modern Father.

"Your pa will lick you if he knows you are out here skating on this thin ice."
"But he won't know. He's busy writing my composition and doing my lessons for me."

Jones (as the launch capsizes)—"I—I wish I had been a better man."
Brown (with a gurgle)—"I wish I had been a better swimmer."

Her "Verse."

"Mamma," said Little Dorothy, upon her return from Sunday school, "I learned a verse this morning."
"What is it, dear?" asked her mother.
"The Lord is my sheepherder; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures and roll over."

Government Anatomy.

"Father," inquired the small boy making his first visit to the army post, "what is that over there?"
"That's the Government headquarters, Jimmy."
A long puzzled silence, then:
"Father, where are its hindquarters?"

Farmer Wayback—"By cracky, the old mare has got the heaves again!"
Mrs. Wayback—"That's not the heaves, Hiram. Susie do be takin' her singin' lessons."

The Canny Justice.

"That's a derned fine-lookin' car o' yourn, mister," said the old man with a chin whisker, as he inspected Dubbleigh's motor standing in front of the Eagle House at Togus.
"You bet it is," said Dubbleigh. "I came over here from Watkins' Corners this morning in just fifty-five minutes. Going some, eh?"
"Ya-as," said the old gentleman, stroking his whiskers thoughtfully. "Kin ye prove it?"
"I have five witnesses in my guests," said Dubbleigh.
"Wa-al, I'll take yer word for it," said the stranger. "Jest fork over twenty-five, and we'll call it square. I'm jestice o' the peace raound here, and it'll save time to settle this here vi'lation right now."

Referred to Dr. Wiley.

"Somebody's been trying to stump Dr. Wiley, I see," said Hanka, "by asking for a definition of hash."
"That oughtn't to stump anybody," said Blithers. "Hash is nothing but a recurrence at a subsequent meal of the conglomerate remnants of a previous repast."

Called to Statesmanship.

"Well," said Mr. Meekton. "I guess I'll have to go in for politics."
"What makes you think so?"
"Henrietta has got an idea that I look well in a plug hat and a Prince Albert coat."

Ella—"She has some secret sorrow."
Stella—"Yes; I think she has found out her own age."

An Optimist Required.

"Yes; I can give your friend literary work."
"Thanks; he's a good man."
"But hold on! Is he an optimist or a pessimist?"
"What difference does that make?"
"Makes a deal of difference. I can't use a pessimist. I want to edit a spring seed catalogue."

Quite an Acrobat.

Bobby—"This sailor must have been a bit of an acrobat."
Mamma—"Why, dear?"
Bobby—"Because the book says, 'Having lit his pipe, he sat down on his chest.'"

Economical.

Husband—"You are not economical."
Wife—"Well, if you didn't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage, I'd like to know what you think economy is like?"

The Dish Breaker.

First Cook—"I went to the voddyville show last night, an' there was a juggler there who broke at least 5 shillings' worth iv dishes in tin minutes."
Second Cook (indignantly)—"Faith, I'd have walked out! It's a fine shtate iv affairs whin an honest, hard-workin' cook lady can't attind a thayther widout bein' caricatoored by some chape performer!"

First Aid.

Edith—"Who are you writing to, dear.
Ethel—"Jack's his girl has thrown him overboard, so I'm dropping him a line.

Doomed to the Basement.

St. Peter—"From New York, eh? Well, you didn't pay your grocer, and never lost a chance to slip out of your flat without paying the rent. You can't come in."
New Arrival—"Eh? Where shall I go?"
St. Peter—"Down below."
New Arrival—"Great snakes. Have I got to go and room with the janitor?"

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

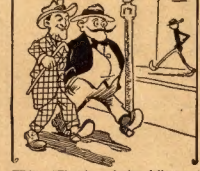
Marjory (interrupting conversation)—"I say, Mr. Driveller, I know where babies come from now!"
The Minister (much embarrassed)—"Indeed?"
Marjory—"Yes, from the dairy, 'cos they've got a notice on their window—'Families Supplied Daily.'"

Had It. All Mapped Out.

A young lady was acting temporarily as hostess and her time was much occupied. One of her admirers, a nervous and absent-minded lover, perceived that this would be the case, and to facilitate matters he determined to bring affairs to a point. He didn't get a chance.
"Afterward," says the object of his illstarred devotion, "I found this memorandum on the floor, where he dropped it in his agitation. It read thus:
"'Mention rise in salary. Mention loneliness. Mention pleasure in her society. Mention prospects from Uncle Jim. Never loved before. Propose.'—Life.

Not Too Fast.

"A verdict for ten thousand dollars isn't so bad," declared the junior partner.
"How much shall we give our client?"
"Oh, give him fifty dollars, say," replied the senior partner. "But hold!"
"Well?"
"Don't be hasty. Promise to give him fifty dollars."



White—"There's a lucky fellow eats at our restaurant."
Doolin—"How's that?"
White—"He's so thin he just fits around the spaghetti."

A Ready Giver.

"I approach you in a worthy cause, Mr. Titewad. We want to raise $100,000—a prominent philanthropist offers to contribute a quarter of it."
"Oh, well," said Mr. Titewad, hastily. "I don't mind giving another quarter. Can you change a half?"

A Bad Spill.

"Here's a young woman left half a million dollars merely for spilling a little sunshine into an old man's life."
"Her experience is more fortunate than mine. I once spilled a cup of coffee into an old man's lap and he cut me out of his will altogether."

Objected to the Odor.

Bacon—"I see that garlic came from Asia and has been used since the earliest times. It formed part of the diet of the Israelites in Egypt."
Egbert—"Do you suppose that accounts for their being driven out of Egypt?"

Drawing the Line.

"Before we were married you said you would die for me!"
"I know I did, and I would; but wearing that necktie you selected out on the street is different. I won't do that."

Of Course It Pays.

"Does a college education help a man in after life?"
"Big leaguers seem to think it makes a man quicker on the bases."

Explained.

"Why did those farmers shoot the crows?"
"I suppose it was because the crows were giving caws."

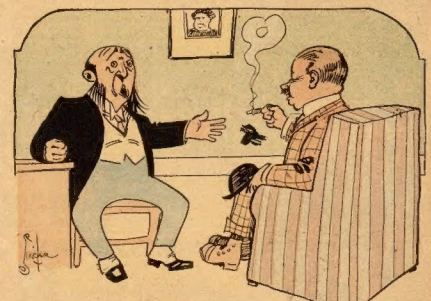
The Salesperson—"We carry this article in two sizes, madam."
The Customer—"And is one size larger than the other?"
The Salesperson—"Sorry, but in this lot one size is smaller than the other."

Get the Girls There.

There are many plans evolved for getting the young men to church, but the right sort of girls there continues to be the most effective.

A Gentle Hint.

Guest—"This steak is remarkably fine."
Waiter—"That so? You must have gotten the steak I intended for that gentleman what 'tipped' me."



Simkins (with disgust)—"Do you remember, how last year my wife was seated in a small captive balloon when the mooring line was accidentally cast off? Well, the balloonist said if she had weighed five pounds less I should never have seen her again! In the Summer she and I went to the springs at Marienbad, and she lost five pounds."
Friend—"Well what of that?"
Simkins—"Why, in the Winter she went skating, and went over some thin ice, and the man in charge said if she had weighed five pounds more she'd have broken through and been drowned! I've been hoodooed that way all my life!"

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Our Babies

By Walter A. Sinclair

BABIES are night watchmen who haven't grown up. They are strong for that nocturnal stuff, and their faces remain open long after closing hours, although they don't have all night licenses. Babies are also very keen on night work—by some one else, preferably their fond parents.

From their early noises one might predict great careers for them as train callers but about the time they reach the right age for this chosen calling they have to shut up and listen to their own second editions.

Making night hideous is one of the best things babies do. But they are not bigoted, and will give matinee performances on the slide bellow and the running broad roar, without the slightest ill feeling. When it comes to making the welkin ring, babies have the man who first invented welkins closely resembling an inmate of a deaf-mute asylum. Babies are all clogged up with grouches and keynote speeches, without any words to conceal thought.

If babies could order a meal like other people, ooze into a food foundry, have a hat boy wrench away their lids, and a head waiter slip them into an old-gold chair for a small fee, while an ordinary waiter flashed the score-card for the eats, the child would growl "Milk," and that would be all there was to it, excepting paying the bill, slipping the waiter and the hat boy and the man who called the taxicab, and otherwise separating themselves from that filthy stuff called, mazuma.

Being shy on table manners and small talk, the subject of this sketch eases a lot of loose howls into the quivering atmosphere and takes a long chance on some grown-up getting wise to whether he means eats, sleeps, romps, a song-and-dance by Pa, or a fly frisking in and out of his beezerus. Safety-pins are another source of yelps. Possibly if adults had scenery which was coaxed together with safety-pins which had a playful little way of getting unsprung and sticking the points into the skin, there would be considerable peevology combusted.

Babies have an aggravating habit of disappointing the unhappy persons who are elected as parents by being of the wrong sex. Usually they are girls. No sooner does a fond and expectant father get all set for a bouncing boy—got to be a boy to bounce because a bouncing girl wouldn't be alliterative—no sooner does he brace himself for something that will answer to "Bill" or "Bob" or "Steve" and wear his cast-off pants until he grows up and begins to lend Pa his second-hand scenery, when bingo! the nurse slides timidly through the door and looks so guilty that it can't be anything but a she.

On the other hand, a family obsessed with droves of young roughnecks who know no law and are growing up to put the kibosh on the Paying Teller, begin to hope for a girl to help Ma with the china-juggling specialty after meals, when zowie! the indignant pair draw another jack to a full house.

Infants arrive in the United States a brick-red or eggplant purple, as suits their convenience and depending upon the prevailing style in colors. After looking like a three-alarm fire for a few days, they begin to cool down gradually and lay in a supply of features.

Persons intimately related to babies assert without fear of successful contradiction that the aforesaid young ones arrive in this world equipped with a complete assortment of features which have been scattered in transit. Eventually, after being frisked, they manage to show up the requisite amount of eyes, ears, noses and mouths to entitle them to belong, but much time is evaporated in getting all these set in the proper locations described in the plans and specifications. Many of our very best babies have failed to coax their ears to drape in and join the crowd, and as a result the little listeners go through life flopping like a couple of aged window shutters.

Babies should drink milk as the staple of diet, but prefer to ease up to an a la carte consisting of dirt, paper, pins, sticks, pebbles, and anything which can be left around loose on the floor. Disguising themselves thus as museums of natural history or as antique shops, our future citizens await C. Q. D.'s from their table of contents which older persons would take as after-thoughts in the appendix. Having no imagination at all, babies who have decorated their interiors in this manner suffer no serious results, although their parents sag in under the anxiety and are wilted to a frazzle from listening to the revels by night.

A baby will swallow a gold watch, a diamond ring, a pearl stickpin, or any other rich food, and the owner stands a better chance of getting it back from a pawnshop free than from his loving offspring. Still, a baby shows no prejudice against swallowing a dollar watch or a German silver ring, although he prefers the gold cure. Babies are suspected of swallowing watches so that their tummums will know when it is feed time.

Girl babies naturally are suffragettes, as is shown by their innocent pastime of hurling the feeding bottle out of the crib or go-cart and oozing pleased gurgles of glee at the noise of crashing glass.

Among the indoor sports which make a violent smear with babies is colic, same being a young revolution accompanied by earthquakes along the Alimentary Canal Zone. With characteristic modesty, Baby

He violently bruises the rocker.

keeps this to himself, and does not crack the harrowing news until the parents are neck and neck for the Snore Stakes. Then he unbelts a notorious roar, followed by a succession of others in quarter sizes.

Bleats of this kind, indicating trouble in the Balkans, are immediately followed by a general uprising of the parent tribe. Colic breaks out all over the rotunda, and there is an all-around rough-house until just before the usual time to get up for breakfast. Parents infested with colicky progeny take kindly to the idea of sleeping on the boss's time during the day.

People living near the copious and salty ocean may think that foghorns in thick weather can cop the wailing marathon prize, but an able-bodied, one-cylinder baby, easing a select line of distress signals during a collfest, has a foghorn murmuring softly to the bees and flowers. Talk about Tetrazzini striking her high E! Why, any baby can unlatch her face, raise her colic battle cry, and strike Pa in the right eye simultaneously.

During an executive session of colic Pa is expected to chase himself briskly around the dark room, violently bruising the chair rockers with his bare shins and spilling a line of rough vocal stuff, while holding a hot-water bottle on the Department of the Interior, and urging Ma to take a swift hustle to herself in warming up something for that flat-tired feeling at the scene of hostilities.

After the relief expedition reaches the equator and the typhoon is gradually stunned, does the subject of all these attentions promptly settle down as a pacifico? Not so that you could notice it with a long-distance telescope. After having the steam plant installed and put in working order, the baby continues to

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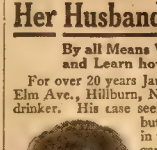

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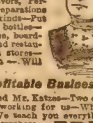

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complain about the high cost of living and the fact that he or she is misunderstood by a chilly and more or less heartless world, pelting off one round of uproar after another, until rosy-toed morning comes tripping over the distant eastern hills so vigorously that she trips and falls on her foolish face. It is then time for Pa to put on his business suit in place of the more intimate garments in which he has dared the chill of the night, and to cut across lots to the 7:09 accommodation, where he quarrels with the other commuters and trainmen.

Passing hurriedly on from this platform, we come to that hipskalorious epoch when Baby commences filling his facial cave with teeth. Up to this happy moment he has been willing to gum his eats, and not care if the coddled egg reposed in his eye or ear or stomach, but now he begins to have an insatiable desire to lay a couple of rows of biters, a gnawing ambition.

Why Baby couldn't be slipped into a dentist's chair and be fitted out with a couple of plates of china chawers to tide over until some time when he has more patience to come through with the solid ivory tusks, nobody knows. It would be a saving all around.

But no! He's got to have um little toofums, and blah! there you are. He is as peevish as a tenant demanding new paper for the parlor. Presently Baby is spendthrifting all his time with both hands buried to the elbows in the front entrance, clawing around for a new addition.

Fond and foolish parents, observing this little down-in-the-mouth expression, hastily detach themselves from 50 cents, and hand Baby a nice, new rattle, with a clean white bone teething ring, on which to cut his teeth. Of course, he really cuts his gums, but we always say "cuts his teeth." Any one who has had a den-

He pries open Baby's face.

tist saw through a biscuspid know there is a difference. On being slipped the elegant and hygienic piece of parlor furniture, the baby hurls it disdainfully out of the window, and teases his teeth through by gumming on a chair leg, a doorknob, a coal shovel, the window-sill, Pa's watch or finger, the tail of a woolly cat, or a shoe.

As soon as the first little white freckle appears in the pink setting, the entire family and distant relatives, and any chance person who can be snatched from the highways or hedges, are chased in to pry Baby's face open to thumb the new-laid tooth. The discovery of America or of X-rays shrivels so far it crawfishes through the background in comparison to this hitherto unpublished phenom.

Presently, springing new teeth without the aid of a net becomes old stuff, and parents get so careless as to absent-mindedly stick their fingers in Baby's mouth, hastily pulling out what's left, after losing a couple of settings out of their digits.

Learning to walk usually breaks out like the measles at this time. Babies mistake their faces for their feet and try to travel around on their aristocratic features, in violation of the railroad rate laws. After doing a Brody on an ear or nose for a while, the little learner usually grabs hold of something, preferably the table-cloth, thus scattering fragile dishes all over the scenery. After all the breakables are used up, the child condescends to hold onto a chair until he can take the first stagger alone in safety. After that, nothing in reach is safe.

On reaching the walking stage, a baby no longer needs the services of a parental cabaret show to amuse him, for, if given a pair of nice, sticky, gooey hands, he can spend golden hours decorating the windows, mirrors, piano and all other shiny furniture, with young Bertillons of his cute paddies.

The big noise is when Baby begins to talk. During his first year he is willing to put the boots to the popular English language by verbally toddling along with a series of squawks, grunts, and hollers. Then the undertow sets in, and he determines to be at least as conversationally clear as a candidate trying to straddle on the trust question. After months of coaching, he uncorks a highbrow word like "Blub" or "Da," to the intense amazement and delight of his parents. Around this plot Pa can weave a serial which takes all morning to spin. The title to this best seller is "You Ought to Hear What My Kid Said."

The peddling of this brand of chin merchandise has caused many an old friendship to turn brittle and scale off at the corners. Men who have been children themselves rise to scoop an earful of this perpetual motion picture buzz. At this psychological moment, when Baby's every word becomes freighted with importance too heavy for a mogul engine to trundle, Baby ceases to be a baby, to the parents' acquaintances.

He becomes a Pest.

* * *

Why Mike Didn't Rise.

Among the employes of one of the important mercantile establishments of Chicago is a husky young man who is known as Mike. There seems to be no clear understanding among Mike's immediate superiors as to the nature of his duties. He sits around among boxes at the rear end of the concern most of the time, and smokes an old pipe that has the death rattle in its throat.

Occasionally there is a pagpicker or a suspicious-looking prowler to be driven out of the alley, but aside from looking after such persons Mike has no regular work to do. This gives him plenty of time to get fat and to ponder upon the great mysteries of existence.

The other day one of the firm's trusted men had occasion to look around among the boxes where Mike was on guard, and, finding the latter with his heels cocked up and his chin on his breast, while the old pipe gurgled and wheezed and threatened after every pull to give up the struggle forever, the man from the office proceeded to read his colaborer a little sermon.

"Mike," said the one who amounted to something, "why do you sit around here wasting your spare moments? You are neglecting golden opportunities. Instead of idling your time away, you might have a book and be studying. Many a man in your place would educate himself and so become capable of taking a higher place in the world. I myself started in here at the bottom. But I was determined not to remain at the bottom. How do you suppose I got up? By sitting around and waiting for my employers to come in and lift me out of my place? No, indeed, Mike. I fitted myself for a better position. I put in my spare time finding out things about the way the establishment was run. I made myself too valuable to be kept at the bottom. I was determined from the start that I would be promoted, not merely for my own benefit, but for the benefit of the firm. I decided to make myself so valuable that they could not afford not to take advantage of my knowledge and my ability. I think a great many young men make mistakes in the attitude they assume at the start. They try to get up merely for their own profit. They should make themselves so competent that their employers could not help seeing that it would be unprofitable to keep them down. You have a hundred chances here for every one that I had when I started. Three-fourths of the time you have nothing to do. You could put in this time studying and finding out how our business is done. In that way you could make yourself worth more to the firm than you are at present. Why don't you do it?"

Mike slowly removed his heels from the box on which they had rested, and, after having gulped down a mouthful of nicotine, he replied:

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* * *

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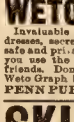

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PUT an Air-Friction Carburetor on your car. Start easy in cold weather. Save one-third gas. Add one-third power. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Half price until January 1. Air-Friction Carburetor Co., Dayton, Ohio.

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350% Profit selling Gordon Photo Pillow Sample Tops. High Grade Work. Samples and catalogue Free. Luther Gordon Co., Northwestern Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS—Every locality—good pay for spare time. Franzen's Seed Store, 1476 Summerdale Ave., Chicago.

LOOK! Furnished Room Signs on Metal. Sample 10c. High Grade Inc. Lt. Co., 262 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS—Get in Touch With a Household Specialty proposition that will bring you $40 to $75 a week. American Aluminum Co., Dept. 124, Belmont, Ills.

HOUSEHOLD Article with premium. Unlimited sale. Men or Women. Myrck Chemical Co., Buffalo, New York.

AGENTS—Make $2.00 each selling our wonderful Lunch Rings; nothing to sell; $5 a day; absolutely new; shine all night in darkest room. Pioneer Portrait Co., 1258 West 63rd street, Chicago.

REMNANT STORE, Cincinnati, Ohio. Greatest Dress Goods Bargains on earth. Agents and storekeepers supplied.

EARN $30 Weekly Taking Orders for cut rate groceries; outfit free. Progressive Table Supply Co., Dept D, Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS on salary or commission. The greatest agent's seller ever produced; every user of pen and ink buys it on sight; 200 to 500 per cent profit; one agent's sales amounted to $620 in six days and another $32 in two hours. Monroe Mfg. Co. X., 96 La Crosse, Wis.

FREE—"Investing For Profit" Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Remember you invest a dollar anywhere get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1.00 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the real earning power of your money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 453, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

$7.00 per 100 in cash collecting names and addresses. Nothing to sell. Stamp for free proposition. Associated Advertising Co., Dept' A., LaGrange, Texas

AGENTS—Sell Name Cards—Big Profits—New Christmas Specialties. Samples Free. Art Printing Co., Allentown, Pa.

AGENTS—Mail order and crew workers, we furnish high-grade perfumes and toilet articles very reasonable; we are manufacturers. Hopfinger & Roth, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—Big money in window signs. Permanent business; no capital. Easy fascinating work. Our beautiful gold letters ready for mounting make experience unnecessary. Samples, instructions free. Eastern Specialty Co., Dept' 8, 63 Barclay St., New York.

AGENTS Wanted—100% profit taking orders for Miniature Portraits. Samples free. Box 23, Wilbur, W. Va.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

LADIES Serge Dress, $4.65; Store price, $8.75. We manufacture and sell direct to wearer. Save half; samples and pictures all free. Expert Waist and Dress Co., 34 East 21st Street, New York.

PATENTS

PATENTS Bring Riches when of value. Our free Books cover the subject. We give personal service. Wide experience. Trade Marks Registered. Write to-day. Besler & Robb, 248-252 Southern Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS That Protect—Patent your ideas; they may bring you wealth; 64 page book free. Fitz Gerald & Co., Dept. W, Washington, D. C.

MUSICAL

BIG Money Writing Songs or Music. Write for Free Booklet, explaining how your work can be arranged, copyrighted and published Free. J. E. Minnick Co., Inc., Music Publishers, 1611 7th St., Wash., D. C.

HELP WANTED

FREE Illustrated Book tells about over 360,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A 1094. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Local Managers. Detective Service. Big Pay. No dull season. Chance for lifetime record. Experience unnecessary. 10c brings instructions. Address: W. Cody Spencer, Martinsville, Va

LEARN the Barber Trade. Few weeks completes. We control many excellent positions. Tools given. Branches in all leading cities. For information regarding any one, write Dep't 10, Moler College, 738 South Wabash ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Men and Women; For Government Positions. $80 00 month. Annual vacations. Short hours. No "layoffs." Common education sufficient. Over 12,000 appointments coming. Influence unnecessary. Farmers eligible. Send postal immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dep't E 31, Rochester, N. Y.

SOUND men, 20 to 40 years old, wanted at once in every State for Electric Railway Motormen and Conductors; $60 to $100 month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Mgr. Z., 552 Dwight Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

TATTOOING Outfits $1 00 up. Send stamp for price list. H. Max Buffalo, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

I WILL Start You earning $4 daily at home in spare time, mailing circulars; no capital; free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dep't 400, Boston, Mass.

$50.00 TO $100.00 A MONTH For your spare time——Experience not needed. Want active man each locality. Benefits for sickness, injury, death. Write quick. I-L-U 766, Covington, Ky.

WANTED—Railway Mail, Customs, Internal Revenue, and Postal Clerks. Examinations soon. Prepare now. Trial Lesson Free. Write Ozment, K, St. Louis.

CASH In Your Spare Time. Good, active men wanted. We Pay You Well for all or part of your time. No money required—no traveling necessary. Write at once for our proposition. F. W. Paul, Room P., Patten Building, Chicago.

BE EXPERT detective and investigator. Many waiting positions at Big Pay. Stamp for particulars. National Detective Agency, Dep't A, Chicago.

$10 per 100 upward paid tacking signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 4c stamps for price list paid, secure territory. Sheppard's Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

DOGS, POULTRY, ETC.

BEAUTIFUL Buff Orpington, Young Trios, $5. Orpington Magazine, 10c year. Chevlot Farms, R. 43, Cincinnati.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

MAKE a comfortable living at home sewing plain seams. Any one using sewing machine. All home work. No canvassing. Steady. Sewers wanted in each town. No triflers require. State how much time can sew. Send ten cents for postage, samples, etc. Returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Company, New York Jobbers Sewing, "BL" Dep't, Rehoboth, Delaware.

EARN $12 weekly, coloring pictures and postcards. Samples and instructions 20c. Roxbury Card Co., Roxbury, Mass.

LADIES can make shields at home; $10 per 100; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dep't 17, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

MISCELLANEOUS

12 FRUIT Trees, 3 year, 5 to 7 feet, any kind, $3.00. Franzen's Nursery, 1476 Summerdale Ave., Chicago.

SEA NYMPHS," new series. Complete set for 10 cents, with catalog of other fascinating art pictures. Dempsey & Co., 593 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW book "Kate," 10c. Catalog books and den pictures free. Atoz Co., A-1, West Jefferson, Ohio.

BROTHER accidentally discovered root will cure both tobacco habit and indigestion; gladly send particulars. R. O. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

WHAT Alice Did, illustrated, 10c. Pictures Gentlemen like, 29 samples, 10c. Lovers' Powder, 10c. All 25c. Ord, Long Beach, Calif.

REAL ESTATE

GET cash for your farm, town property or merchandise. Our service covers entire United States. New and successful methods. Quick results. Fisher Realty Co., Dep't 1, Hannibal, Mo.

SUBURBAN Lots $25—$1 Monthly. Houston, Texas, is having the most wonderful growth of any city in the U. S. Population increased from 45,000 to 110,000 in seven years. $17,000,000.00 spent on new buildings in past two years. 300 Factories. Government spending $2,500,000.00 on Ship Channel, making city a seaport. We have just opened for sale the Townsite of Satsuma, suburb of Houston, 25 minutes from heart of city, on railroad and boulevard. Lots 50x100 feet. First 200 lots only $25 each. Terms $1 cash and $1 monthly. Write for particulars or send $1 and get choice location. C. W. Hahl & Co., 259 Commercial Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas

FRUIT LANDS—Beautiful Kootenay Valley, B. C., 88 acres, subdivided into 3 4-acre tracts, 11 of 5-acres and one of 25 acres. The 25-acre tract is improved, has dwelling, stable, ice-house, etc. All for a limited time at the low price of $6,000. Adjoining land held at $200 per acre. Will cost you nothing to write and investigate. Owner forced to realize thereon. ¼ cash, balance easy terms. Only six hours from Spokane, Wash. Pure water, ideal climate and very low taxes. Address D. B. Dulmage, Moravia, Illinois.

PERSONAL

LOVERS' Guide, or An Easy Road to Marriage tells "How to Court a Bashful Girl," "How to Woo an Heiress," "How a Lady Should Manage Her Beau to Make Him Propose Marriage," "How to Catch a Rich Bachelor," "Love Letters," "How to Win the Favor of Ladies," "Wedding Etiquette," &c., &c. All subjects treated in a manner that will be found most helpful to Lovers. This Great Book sent Postpaid for only 10c or 3 for 25c. Teel Book Co., Hurleyville, N. Y.

MARRY wealth and beauty. Marriage Directory Free. Rich when married. New plan. Ladies send description in first letter. Box 314 C., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Many rich, anxious for early marriage, descriptions free, sealed. Pay if suited. The Exchange, Box 525 D, Kansas City, Mo

MARRY—Photos, descriptions and P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRIAGE Paper Free; best published for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

MARRY Rich—Matrimonial paper of highest character, containing hundreds of photos and descriptions of marriageable people with means; mailed free, sealed; either sex. Write. One may be your ideal. Standard Cor. Club, Box 607, Grays Lake, Illinois.

HEIRS Wanted. 50,000 estates unclaimed. Full facts in booklet I. Send stamp. International Claim Agency, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LOVINE never fails. Every package guaranteed. Either sex. 50c. Two packages sealed 20c. Union, Box 1003N, Palatine Illinois.

MARRY—Best plan on earth, sent free photo of every lady member. The Pilot, Dep't 674, Marshall, Mich.

JOIN the Rand Post Card Exchange and receive cards from everywhere. Trial membership, 10c. 2337 Rand St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MARRIAGE Paper—Highest Character; Incorporated; 16th year; 8,000 members; paper sealed; send 10c. R. W. Love, Box 1600, Denver, Colo.

PERSONAL Magnetism—Valuable lesson, The Human Magnet, 10c coin and self addressed envelope. Secrets of Beauty and Personal Attractiveness, 10c coin and self addressed envelope. Bancroft, 346 East Simmons St., Gaiesburg, Ill.

DIRECT Correspondence Plan. Reliable, confidential. Sealed Free. George Winstel, 1624 Pleasant St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

LEGAL Advice—25c. Private, Reliable, Experienced lawyers. Guaranteed. Any troubles? Circulars free. Legal Aid Bureau, Park Bldg., Cleveland.

MARRY, thousands wealthy, anxious for early marriage, descriptions free. Confidential, 248 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

FREE Life Reading—Advice on all matters. Send birthdate and dime. Professor Franz, Saginaw, Mich.

It Was in His Mouth.

Daughter—"Father, you shouldn't have kicked George last night. You broke the poor fellow's heart."

Father—"I didn't come anywhere near his heart."

TOBACCO HABIT EASILY CONQUERED

A well-known New Yorker who has had wide experience, has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit can be easily banished in three days without any return of the craving.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits. No more of that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette or chewing tobacco to pacify the morbid desire. The author, Edw. J. Woods, 534 Sixth Ave., 171 B, New York City, will send his book free on application, to anyone who writes to him.

Leader of the Never Worrys.

At a railway station an anxious woman, encumbered with numerous bags and packages, made so many inquiries of one of the officials that he turned to the ticket agent with the question:

"Who is that woman who has bothered me twenty times in the last five minutes for fear her train will get away without her?"

"She's heading a party of delegates going to a meeting of the American League of Never Worry Clubs," replied the ticket man.

DO YOU HEAR WELL?

A skilled N. Y. doctor is astonishing deaf people by restoring their hearing without operation, artificial ear devices or other hindrances. Wonderful successes are reported after all else has failed. Home self-treatment. A book containing valuable information will be mailed free by Dr. Geo. E. Coutant, Station E, 6K, New York City. This book has brought joy to many a home.

Another Want Filled.

Downtown—"I see you buy the Evening Smiler. Pretty bright paper, isn't it?"

Upton—"Bright! That paper is so absorbingly interesting that when you are riding in a street car with a lot of ladies standing you don't have to pretend to be interested."

ECZEMA FREE BOOK

The National Skin Hospital, Dep't 104, St. Joseph, Mo., who treat skin diseases only, have published a book of more than sixty pages which they are mailing free to anyone writing for it. It has many colored plates showing the different forms of skin diseases in their natural colors, and tells all about their cause and remedy. It also tells about the Home Treatment the Hospital is now sending out.

Anyone interested, should write them at once.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla. LOWELL, MASS. (c)

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very, small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

For the Money-Mad.

Prof. Warren M. Beidler of Bethel, Pa., in a recent address made the striking assertion that the American people, money-mad, taught their children how to earn a living, but not how to live.

"There is no viler, and there is also no vainer ambition," said Professor Biedler to a reporter, "than that of the American boy to become a millionaire. What percentage of our boys do become millionaires? It would take a good many decimals to work that out, believe me!

"The boy who sets his heart on a million fares like the washerwoman who set her heart on the cross-eyed aeronaut.

"'I hear you married that cross-eyed aeronaut last week?' said a friend.

"'Yes, I did,' replied the washerwoman, as she rocked back and forth over her tub. 'Yes, I married him, and I give him $500 out of my buildin' association to start an airship factory.'

"'That so?' said the friend. 'Where is he now?'

"'I don't know,' said the washerwoman. 'I'm waiting for him to come back from his honeymoon.'"

Deceptive Appearance.

As a sergeant was bawling out his orders the other day in barracks, and watching the line of feet as the raw recruits endeavored to obey the word of command, he found, to his astonishment, that one pair of feet, more noticeable on account of their extra large size, never turned. Without taking his eye off them the sergeant shouted a second order: "About face!"

He could see that all the feet except those he was watching turned in obedience. Rushing up to the owner, a little fellow, he seized him by the shoulder, shouting:

"Why don't you turn with the rest?"

"I did," replied the trembling recruit.

"You did, eh? Well, I watched your feet and they never moved."

"It's the boots they gave me, sir," said the poor fellow. "They're so large that when I turn my feet turn in them."

The Doctor's Dilemma.

A doctor in an Iowa town had been very busy for several days and was worn out and sleepy when he got to bed one morning about two o'clock.

Just as he dropped off a summons came from a house half a mile away. The lady of the house, the call said, was dying of a heart difficulty.

The sleepy doctor got into his clothes somehow and went to the house, where the patient—a very stout woman—was in bed, breathing stertorously.

The doctor could find nothing specially wrong, but the woman was panicky.

"Cough!" he ordered. She could not. Then he put his ear over her heart and said: "Count slowly."

Next thing he knew he woke to hear the woman counting faintly:

"Ten thousand and forty-seven—ten thousand and forty-eight——"

Swifter Than the Wind.

A near race riot happened in a Southern town. The negroes gathered in one crowd and the whites in another. The whites fired their revolvers into the air and the negroes took to their heels. Next day a plantation owner said to one of his men: "Sam, were you in that crowd that gathered last night?"

"Yassir."

"Did you run like the wind, Sam?"

"No, sir. I didn't run like the wind, 'deed I didn't. But I passed two niggers that was running like the wind."

A Resourceful Editor.

"The late General Booth," said a Salvation Army official of New York, "often used to urge the 'down-and-outer' to cultivate the quality of resourcefulness.

"He would illustrate this quality by means of a resourceful Western editor who found, one night, that he had neither advertisements nor copy for his third page. The page accordingly appeared blank, with a note in small type at the top:

"'This space will be useful for the children to write upon.'"

Possible, But—

A Chicago reporter once asked Geraldine Farrar, who is reputed to be the best-gowned of all opera singers, if it was possible for a woman of the world to dress on $1,000 a year.

Miss Farrar, yawning behind her jeweled hand, answered:

"It may be possible, but what's the use?"

The Big Noise.

This is the story they told in Washington during the time when Colonel Roosevelt was sweeping things before him in the popular primaries in various States:

The Colonel approached the gate of Heaven, and was met by St. Peter, who welcomed him with alacrity. Hardly had the Colonel stepped though the portals when he heard the sound of singing.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Those are the choristers in that building across the street," explained the saint. "We wanted to welcome you in style, and we have in there 2,500 singers."

"That's not enough," objected the Colonel. "We ought to have a big choir. Can you get 50,000 tenors?"

St. Peter thought that it could be done.

"And 50,000 contraltos?" pursued the new arrival.

This also was agreed to.

"And 50,000 sopranos?"

"Yes," answered St. Peter, "but who will sing bass?"

"Oh, said Roosevelt, lightly, 'I'll sing bass.'"

The Whole Truth.

"It's the truth, but not the whole truth. The whole truth puts an entirely different complexion on the matter."

The speaker, Senator Murphy Foster of Louisiana, was discussing a tariff clause. He continued:

"When we wring the whole truth out of them, the revelation startles us. It's like the tramp's case.

"A tramp advanced over a field glittering with goldenrod, knocked at a farmhouse door, and said:

"'Lady, would you spare a hunk of pumpkin pie or a slab of cold scrapple?'

"'Why don't you work?' the woman asked.

"'I don't work, lady,' said the tramp, 'because I've got a wife and six children to support——'

"'But,' she interrupted, 'if you don't work, how can you support them?'

"'As I was saying, lady,' the tramp explained with dignity—'as I was saying when you butted in, I don't work because I've got a wife and six children to support me.'"

Common-Sense Diagnosis.

Senator Cummins said in a political argument in a Des Moines club:

"A little common sense would do wonders here. It's astonishing what common sense will accomplish. We ought to rely more on it.

"In a trial one day there was a dispute as to whether a certain woman was drunk or insane. A witness testified that she was drunk. But the cross-examining lawyer, sneering at this witness, growled:

"'You are no alienist, no mind expert. Yet you dare to claim that you can tell the difference between insanity and drunkenness?'

"'Sure,' said the witness.

"'How?' scoffed the lawyer.

"'The next morning,' the witness answered.

Obsolete Proverbs.

Miss Jane Addams, whose speech in Chicago was a feature of the Bull Moose convention, said the other day at Hull House:

"Woman is at last taking her right place in the world. She is respected now. No seer would any longer think of composing such epigrams about her as the Persian one, 'Words are women, deeds are men;' or the French one, 'A man of straw is worth a woman of gold;' or the German ones, 'Good men marry young, wise men never,' and 'A second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience.'"

Overdoing It.

Woodrow Wilson, at a luncheon at Spring Lake, said of a boy athlete:

"I am afraid he sets athletics too far above English, mathematics and history. His aunt said to him the other day:

"'I'm delighted to hear of your success on the school baseball team, Harold; but you must remember that there are other things in life besides baseball.'

"'Yes, aunt, I know,' said the boy; 'but, hang it all, I'm afraid I'm too light for football or rowing.'"

The Home of Breakfast Foods.

Prof. Zephaniah Hopper, hale and vigorous at 88, said at the Philadelphia high school, where he has taught so many years:

"My advice to the young is that they sow no wild oats. Wild oats in youth mean an old age sad and decrepit. And yet, the way some people talk you'd think that wild oats were as essential a part of youth as domesticated oats are an essential part of Scotland."

Professor Hopper smiled and added:

"A friend of mine in Scotland said to a boy:

"'What do you have for breakfast hereabouts?'

"'Porridge,' was the answer.

"'And for dinner?'

"'Porridge.'

"'And for supper?'

"'Porridge.'

"'Goodness!' said my friend. 'Porridge every day for every meal! Do you never have anything else?'

"'What else would you have?' said the boy."

Good Work.

A Lakewood man heard a noise in the kitchen the other night, and, urged by his wife, went down to see about it. When he opened the kitchen door and called "Who's there?" a shiny revolver was pointed at his head.

"Your money or your life?" hissed the voice behind the gun, in these or other appropriate words.

"What did you say?" asked the Lakewood man, who happened to be a bit hard of hearing.

"Your money or your life!"

The Lakewood man acted calmly.

"What nonsense!" he remarked, pushing the fellow out of the way and going back upstairs.

The burglar was astonished. He hunted through his clothes till he found a bit of pencil, scribbled "Good work, old scout" on the white wall, and went his way.

And this is a true story.

The Sinner.

Of the late Bishop Charles C. Grafton a Fond du Lac man said the other day:

"Bishop Grafton was remarkable for the neatness and point of his pulpit utterances.

"Once, during a disastrous strike, a capitalist of Fond du Lac rose in a church meeting and asked leave to speak. The bishop gave him the floor, and the man delivered himself of a long panegyric upon captains of industry, upon the good they do by giving men work, by booming the country, by reducing the cost of production, and so forth.

"When the capitalist had finished his self-praises, and, flushed and satisfied, had sat down again, Bishop Grafton rose and said with quiet significance:

"'Is there any other sinner who would like to say a word?'"

Literal Obedience.

"Mrs. Nugsby is without a servant again," said the woman in the first-floor flat to her neighbor across the hall.

"Well, did you ever! I never heard of any one who changes so often as she does. What's the trouble this time?"

"I think it's the result of a little dialogue I overheard yesterday. I heard Mrs. N. call impatiently: 'Nora, drop everything at once and come here.'

"'Yes, ma'am,' was the answer, in pleasant tones that surprised me, for Nora and her mistress had been fighting like two cats all the time. Then I heard a wail. 'Nora, what's that baby crying for now?' cried Mrs. N., and Nora, with a wicked giggle replied: 'Well, I think it's because I dropped him, ma'am.'"

His Exclusive Costume.

The costumer came forward to attend to the nervous old beau who was mopping his bald head and shining poll with a big silk handkerchief.

"And what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I want a little help in the way of a suggestion," said the old fellow. "I intend going to the French Students' masquerade ball tonight, and I want a distinctly original costume—something I may be sure no one else will wear. What would you suggest?"

The costumer looked him over attentively, bestowing special notice on the gleaming knob.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said then, thoughtfully; "why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"

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Only 4.45

The wonderful Stay-Tyde patent process, owned by us, prevents the delicate fibre from breaking. Yet they cost you less than you pay elsewhere for ordinary willows.

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Send for free catalog of French or Willow Plumes, Ostrich Bands and Aigrettes, and get a complete Six Course in Millinery, Dyeing, Cleaning, Curling, etc.

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ALTON WATCH & MDSE. CO., Dept. 1887 Chicago

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Beautiful Gold-Finished Bracelet engraved with your initials. Send 12c (coin or stamps) to help pay advertising, engraving, mailing. Latest Jewelry Catalog telling about our new $100.00 cash prize contest, sent FREE. INDIA COMPANY, 37 N. Malden Lane, N. Y.

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FIFTY CENTS BUYS FORMULA COMPLETE FOR MAKING AND USING. A TABLESPOONFUL MAKES A CUP OF STRONG, FRAGRANT COFFEE AT LESS THAN HALF THE USUAL COST. GUARANTEED PURE AND WHOLESOME. ADDRESS:
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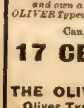

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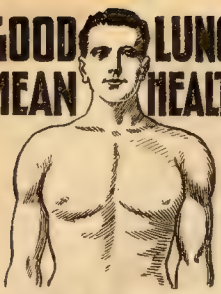

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Our Boys' Corner

Peter, the Boy Patriot

Or, OUTWITTING CORNWALLIS

By Captain Jack Judson

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CHAPTER I.

DANGER BREWING.

"I THOUGHT I would find you here, Peter."

The youth to whom these words were addressed turned and looked into the beaming face of a young girl through whose loosened tresses the evening winds were freely blowing.

"I came here a while ago to take a survey of the scene," he replied, lifting his arm. "Isn't it really warlike, Nelly? Down yonder are the red-coated regiments of Lord Cornwallis, and over there lies Gloucester Point where Colonel Tarleton and his men are encamped. General Washington and his brave heroes have come up, and it seems to me that the redcoats are caught like rats in a trap."

Young Peter's face glowed with enthusiasm as he finished. The pretty girl looked over his outstretched arm and smiled:

"I hope it is as you said," said she. "But you must remember that the British general still has a large army and that he will resist to the last."

"Yes, I know. Some of his men are discontented and are growling; therefore he has issued orders to have all such information kept from the Americans. I am going to try to acquaint Washington with the true situation."

"It will be at the risk of your life," Nelly Brewster put in, her features getting a sudden pallor. "You know you have enemies in Yorktown."

"Well do I know that," was the response. "There's old Martin Bolt who stopped me the other day and said that I was a young Rebel fox and would get into trouble if I didn't cut my cards straight."

"And what did you tell him, Peter?"

"I gave him as good as he sent. I told him that when I wanted any advice, I would let him know."

"Perhaps you were a little hasty. You know that Martin Bolt is a power here."

"And a mean old Tory he is!" cried the boy. "He gets the ear of Lord Cornwallis somehow or other and is constantly at his heels. I do not believe the British general takes much stock in him."

There was no reply to this, for just then a regiment of soldiers turned into the one street of Yorktown which lay beneath the speakers, and the young people on the eminence seemed to study them with interest.

"They are the Royal Fusileers," explained Peter Halket. "It is the best regiment here, and a fine-looking body of men. The Colonel, however, is a pompous man, who says he has kingly blood in his veins, when the fact is he hasn't any ancestry to brag of. He scowled at me but yesterday and I overheard him say that he would like to have a young Rebel like me to black his boots. Maybe I will some day, but it will be after General Washington gobbles up the whole red pack."

Nelly laughed at Peter and regarded him with looks of pride.

"That's the Charon yonder in the river," continued the young patriot. "She is a strong vessel and it is said has on board some American prisoners whom I would like to release if I could get some one to help me."

"But that would be a hazardous undertaking," Nelly hastened to say. "I hope you are not going to take the risk."

"There is some risk to it, I know," was the reply. "It could be tried some dark night, you know."

"But the men on the vessel will be on watch," persisted the girl. "You will not catch the British fox napping, I assure you."

The sun was setting, tinging the waters of the bay with bright colors, and presently the rock was deserted. The sunset gun of the British army boomed out, and one of the vessels in the river replied to it. Peter and Nelly walked through the street and separated at the end of it. The boy proceeded to his home on the outskirts of the village, and a matronly-looking woman, his mother, greeted him with an anxious countenance.

"I hope you haven't been getting into trouble, Peter?" said she.

"How now, mother? I was with Nelly on the rock looking over the town and the river. But why do you ask?"

"Silas was just here, and he said that they were talking about you in certain places."

"Among the Tories, I suppose?"

"He did not say, but he did remark that Martin Bolt has just boasted that he had his eye on some young Rebels who would taste the wrath of Cornwallis if they didn't walk the line properly."

"Always Martin Bolt," laughed Peter. "I would like to cut the wings of that croaking raven and maybe I will some day."

"Don't anger him, Peter. He is really dangerous," admonished Mrs. Halket, who was a widow, Peter being her only child.

"I know he is at the head of the King's Aids, a band of rampant Tories who think King George will reward them for taking up his cause. Did Silas go home?"

"I suppose so. He didn't remain very long."

Peter picked up his hat.

"Be careful now," said his mother, as he started toward the door. "It takes but two, you know, to form a conspiracy," and with this Peter was gone.

Ten minutes later he turned up at a house which he entered without knocking. He was greeted by two boys of his own age.

"We've just been discussing you," exclaimed one of the pair. "Old Martin Bolt is exploding again."

"So I've heard," answered Peter, with a smile. "He is like a volcano: he has to relieve himself now and then."

"Yes, but this time he was more personal than ever. He mentioned names."

"Ah, and who, pray, was thus honored by the old Tory?"

"One Peter Halket," laughed Silas Wingate.

"What did the old serpent say?"

"He was talking to a lot of his ilk on the street, and he declared that he had a twist on some young rascals who are trying to send certain information to Washington, and that you were at the head of the suspected ones."

"For once, at least, Old Martin has spoken the truth," was the reply. "But I have come to consult you on an enterprise which should be carried out."

"What is it, Peter?"

The young patriot's look at once became serious.

"As you may know, boys, there are several American officers prisoners of war on board the Charon lying in the river. They are needed by Washington just now. If we could release them——"

"But that would be taking great risks!" exclaimed Silas's companion, Roger Ervin. "It seems next to impossible to get aboard the Charon and even if we would board her——"

"We don't want any faint hearts in the proposed enterprise," rebuked Peter. "I will volunteer to get aboard the Charon. All I want is some help."

"We are with you!" cried Silas. "Nothing risked nothing gained."

"That's a good motto," Peter exclaimed. "Now here is my plan as far as I've thought it out. I will row out to the Charon tomorrow night with a lot of sweet potatoes of which the officers are very fond, and will look the ground over. Nothing shall escape me. I will discover where the prisoners are quartered. I am familiar with the interior of a ship, for you know when the other vessels were here I served as deck boy on one for several weeks. When I have spied out the situation I will plan the rescue——"

"Hark!" cried Silas, suddenly placing a finger to his lips. "Was that a footstep outside?"

The boy bounded across the room and disappeared. A minute later he returned.

"It was Simple Danny," said he, with a laugh, looking at his companions. "We have nothing to fear from him."

"No, Danny hasn't wits enough to play spy," Peter remarked. "He's a poor pitiful object who doesn't know what caused the war," and Peter resumed his talk.

It was quite late when the three boys separated. Silas and Roger were the last to part.

"Do you believe, Silas, that Danny is as simple as he seems?" anxiously inquired Roger.

"Yes, Roger. You know he has always been an object of pity in Yorktown, and is little better in intellect than the dullest animal."

"But he was outside the house a while ago?"

"That means nothing," responded Silas. "I would trust Danny to any extent, but of course I don't like having listeners of any kind."

Even while the two boys were talking the object of their remarks was pounding on the door of one of the best houses in the village, the home of Martin Bolt, the Tory.

"What is up now?" demanded the old fellow, as he caught Simple Danny by the scruff of his neck and dragged him into the room where he was at that moment feasting several British officers. He flung the boy upon the floor with no little severity.

Danny looked up and chattered like a monkey.

"Ha, ha! ho, ho!" he laughed, his two little eyes as bright as old Martin's one. "Danny has ears."

"Of course you have," cried the Tory.

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"Boys! ship!" screeched Master Danny. "Pretty talk. Door opens. Danny flies."

The British officers leaned forward, all agog.

"What does the young simpleton mean?" asked one.

"He's been dreaming in some hayloft mayhap," said another.

"No," put in Old Martin, seriously. "The boy's no fool, after all."

CHAPTER II.

PETER FACES CORNWALLIS.

"You don't mean to say," continued one of the British officers, with a look of doubt in his eyes, "that that boy has any wits about him?"

"You shall see," answered Martin Bolt. "I'll admit that he is not so bright as some people, neither is he all fool. If he does chatter like an ape, he is a cunning young fox who is capable of serving the King."

Danny was now placed in a chair, and his eyes became riveted upon the greatest Tory in Yorktown.

"What about the boys and the ship?" asked Martin.

"Danny listens at the door and hears."

"And you've got good ears, as I have had occasion to know before now. Go on."

"Rebels on board King's ship, eh?" grinned the boy.

"Yes, six Rebel officers, and they are going to stay there!" vociferated the Tory.

"Not if boys can turn them loose."

"That's the game, is it? Going to rescue the prisoners?"

Danny nodded, much pleased with the attention he was receiving.

"What's this?" suddenly exclaimed one of Martin's guests. "A lot of young Rebels capable of setting our prisoners free? Come, Master Bolt, your boy is drawing the long bow. Let him tell his wonderful story to the stones."

"Very well," said the Tory, in no good humor. "I'll quiz the lad later on. Go into the kitchen, Danny, and get your fill," and with a wave of the hand he dismissed the simple boy.

It was two hours later, and Martin had disposed of his red-coated friends. Putting on his hat and taking the heavy cane he always carried, he made his way through the darkened street, and was halted by the sentry who guarded the house in which Cornwallis had established his headquarters. The British general received him with expressions of cordiality, and Martin crossed his legs and for a moment regarded the officer with his lonely eye.

"Is the Charon well patrolled at night, General?" he suddenly asked.

"It is Friend Bolt, but why do you put such a question? You don't apprehend any trouble from the enemy?"

"Not from the outward foe," was the reply. "But we have secret enemies, and they are inside our lines."

Cornwallis started. His face assumed an unusual expression.

"I am loath to believe this," said he. "I am aware that these rascally Rebels are up to all known tricks to bolster their infamous cause, and I have already taken steps toward circumventing them. The men——"

"But the conspirators are not men," interrupted Martin. "They are boys who are full of expedients, and who, unless checked, are likely to give us some trouble."

"Boys, you say, Brother Martin?" cried Cornwallis. "What! His Majesty's defenders outwitted by a parcel of Rebel mice?" and a loud guffaw filled the room to Martin's chagrin.

"I have excellent evidence on this point," the old Tory continued. "I ask none better."

"Pray, what is the plot? Are they going to carry me off and hand me over to the Rebel, Washington?"

"Not so bad as that," smiled Martin. "But they intend to release the Rebel prisoners now on board the warship Charon."

"That's better yet," laughed Cornwallis, lying back in his chair and looking incredulous. "Why, my dear friend, if we don't put extra guards on the Charon they are liable to steal the ship and take her to the American fleet."

Old Martin rose in high dudgeon and picked up his hat.

"All I can say is, if you don't want the Rebel captives any longer, I am quite willing that they shall quit the Charon at the hands of the young conspirators."

"We'll attend to them," answered Cornwallis. "If you will kindly tell me who these young rascals are, I will take steps toward blocking their little game."

"My informant says they are Masters Halket, Wingate and Erwin, three of the worst little imps in all Yorktown."

The British commander appeared to make a mental note of the information, and presently Martin took his departure.

Our friend Peter was enjoying a deep slumber when he was aroused by his mother's voice at the bottom of the stairs. She was calling to him in startling tones. The boy roused himself and sprang out of bed. In a moment he was into his clothes, and his footsteps were heard on the staircase. He did not have to ask his mother concerning the cause of her alarm, for the moment he opened the door which led into the lower room he came face to face with three British grenadiers armed with bayoneted muskets.

"Ah, this is the lad!" exclaimed one of the trio, catching sight of Peter. "Come on, boy. You are our prisoner."

Peter glanced from the soldiers to his white-faced mother, who was trembling in every limb for his safety.

"What am I wanted for?" demanded the boy, falling back as one of the men advanced with his musket thrust forward.

"The General-in-chief will doubtless explain. We are to conduct you to the headquarters of General Cornwallis."

Peter swallowed his fears and put on the boldest possible air.

"I am ready," said he. "If it is General Cornwallis's command I shall interpose no objection."

Bidding good-by to his mother, he was conducted from the house and out into the street. With a stalwart grenadier on each side and a giant fellow in front, he was marched off and soon reached the house in which the British general lived. Not a word was exchanged during the journey.

Cornwallis was found in his private room at a table upon which were spread a lot of official papers. He looked up as the door opened to admit the young prisoner, and Peter, taking off his hat, stood waiting for the commander's first words. For several moments the sharp eyes of Cornwallis searched the boy patriot from head to foot. There was nothing very dangerous in his looks Peter thought.

Suddenly the lips of the General were wreathed in smiles.

"You don't look dangerous enough to steal a warship!" he exclaimed. "I guess the Charon is safe where she is anchored."

Peter did not know what to say.

"You're Rebel, aren't you?" continued Cornwallis.

"I am an American!" proudly answered the boy.

"And you would serve the Rebel cause if you had the opportunity?"

"Why shouldn't I, seeing that I am not for King George?"

"You would even attempt to free the Rebel officers confined on board the Charon?"

Peter started in spite of himself. Who had betrayed him? What spy had revealed his intentions to Lord Cornwallis? He saw that he had been caught in the British net.

"It's dangerous work," continued the General. "I will have none of it while I command here."

Peter did not reply.

"I shall punish and terribly, too, any one who plots against his majesty. What put this Quixotic idea into your young head?"

"My lord——"

"Silence!" thundered Cornwallis, his face suddenly darkening as he [illegible]

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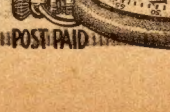

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"You need not quibble. I have been informed of your plot. I know all, my young sir."

"Then," said Peter putting on a brave, sarcastic air, "it is unnecessary for me to make a denial."

"Not to me, sir," was the stern answer. "See here. You must take the oath of allegiance to the King."

At once every vestige of color left the boy's face, and his gaze became fastened upon the unforgiving countenance of Cornwallis. What! renounce the cause he loved so well and swear allegiance to the oppressor beyond the sea? The very thought sent his blood in an icy current through every vein.

"I cannot do that!" he exclaimed. "I am American. I want to see the Colonies free. I——"

"It is the oath or punishment," interrupted the soldier. "I intend to break up treason wherever I find it."

"But love of freedom is not treason, General."

"In this instance it is the rankest treason!" cried Cornwallis. "I will not have enemies within my lines. I have suspected for sometime that information has been sent to Washington, and it has hampered my services to the King."

As he finished the British commander drew toward him a sheet of paper and wrote rapidly for a moment, silently watched by all in the chamber. When he finished he again turned to Peter.

"I have written out the oath of allegiance," said he to the patriot boy. "You can read, of course? Step forward and subscribe to the royal oath."

Peter Halket flushed to the temples.

"I cannot, General. I will not!" cried he, in tones that reverbrated in every corner of the room. "You can punish me if you desire. You can shut me up in prison or march me out before a file of your soldiers and shoot me down, but you will never see me sign an oath of allegiance to King George!"

"I cannot, General, I will not!"

"What?" exclaimed Cornwallis, looking in amazement upon the boy who had proudly drawn his supple figure to its true height. "You will not take the oath, you say?"

"I will not, General. I need not tell you again that Peter Halket is an American."

Cornwallis's lips parted with a snap.

"Sergeant," he cried, singling out one of Peter's guards. "Turn this young Rebel loose. I'll find some other way to curb his ambition!" and he smote the table heavily with his clenched hand.

CHAPTER III.

PETER UNMASKS A SPY.

When Peter found himself once more under the brilliant stars of the autumn night, his thoughts for a time were not agreeable companions. He knew that Cornwallis would now be on his guard, and would take measures to carry out his threat of circumventing him in any attempt he might put forth looking to the rescue of the imprisoned American officers on board the Charon. He also knew that he had a dangerous enemy in the person of Martin Bolt, the Tory, but the thing that was really uppermost in his mind was by whom had his plans been betrayed?

Silas and Roger were loyal to the cause of freedom, but some one had become acquainted with his plans. Was it Simple Danny? The more he thought of the boy, the stronger became his belief that Danny had not wit enough to play spy, but he was soon to be undeceived as to this.

He had set the following day for his attempt to board the warship, but his arrest and the words of Cornwallis drove this thought from his mind. He would be watched both by the British and their hateful allies, the Tories, and he resolved, for the present, at least, to give them no cause to trouble him.

The American army, in conjunction with the French, had thrown up embankments about Yorktown, thus hemming in the British, and one or two shells thrown into the place had told the haughty commander of the royal troops that he had at last been brought to bay by the man whom he despised.

Peter resolved before attempting the rescue to visit the American camp, and on the night succeeding his adventure just related he managed to slip through the lines. His expedition was of the most hazardous nature, for it was not unlikely that there were British spies in Washington's camp, and should he be observed by one of these keen-eyed fellows his own life would pay the forfeit the moment he returned to Yorktown.

He had scarcely entered that part of the American army commanded by Lafayette before his ears were saluted by music. Guided by the sounds, he quickened his steps and came upon a scene which made him pause. In the glaring light of a campfire a number of soldiers were making merry to the strains of a violin operated by a fantastic-looking person who seemed engrossed with his work.

A thrill shot through the boy patriot at the sounds, and the next moment he had come to a halt. The fiddler sat on a log with his cheek glued to the instrument and his long whitish hair falling over his sleeve. Some of the soldiers were dancing to the strains, whilst others were looking on amusedly, and not far away stood the brave young Marquis Lafayette himself, listening as though the air reminded him of the home he had left across the sea to battle for American freedom.

The scene held Peter's attention, but his gaze was from the first riveted upon the fiddler, for he had seen those eyes somewhere before. When the tune closed the old man raised his head, and Peter nearly betrayed himself by an exclamation.

The whole thing was plain now. The man with the violin was none other than Gideon Mosket, one of the most rampant Tories in the neighborhood, and there was no doubt in Peter's mind that he was playing spy for his red-coated masters.

In all Virginia there was no better fiddler than Gideon Mosket. He could almost make his violin talk, and his fames had gone far from Yorktown. He was not yet an old man, but the disguise which he had assumed so completely altered his appearance as to deceive the most suspicious, and Peter did not wonder that the soldiers, carried away by his wonderful playing, thought him none other than the person he represented himself.

A good deal of coin fell into Gideon's hat when he rested from his musical labors, and Lafayette stepped forward and added to the amount, besides thanking the boy, the stronger became his belief that Danny had not wit enough to play spy, but he was soon to be undeceived as to this.

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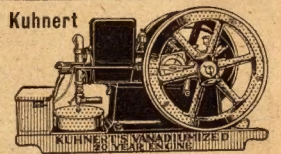

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ing the fiddler for the entertainment.

"This man shall not profit by his deception if I can help it," Peter exclaimed to himself. "No doubt he has already picked up a good deal of valuable information which he will retail in Cornwallis's headquarters and thus damage the good cause. I shall keep an eye on Master Mosket."

He kept aloof till the fiddler rose, and taking his violin under his arm, sauntered off. His roving eye had not singled out the patriot boy, and Peter was therefore enabled to keep close to his heels as he went toward the fortifications. Having carried out his purposes, Gideon was already making his way back to the British camp, secure in his disguise, and never dreaming that the eyes of one of the most daring of young patriots were riveted upon him. It was not difficult to elude the American pickets, and in the uncertain starlight Gideon managed to slip through the lines with his face turned toward his cherished goal.

All at once Peter turned aside and bounded away like a deer. The road which led to the British lines was well defined, and Peter knew that he could reach it at a spot in advance of the spy and thus intercept him.

Every foot of ground about Yorktown was known to the agile boy, and he was not long covering the distance, which he did as though the brightest sunlight lay everywhere. On his way he stopped to secure a stout cudgel, for he was unarmed save with a pocket-knife, and such a weapon would stand no chance against the stout arms of Gideon Mosket.

The ardent young partisan concealed himself in some dense shrubbery at the roadside and waited for the fiddler to come up. Before long Peter heard some one singing, and presently the form of Gideon loomed between him and the stars.

"Halt!"

The spy started like one shot. As he uttered a cry the violin nearly fell from his hands, and he was staring at the figure of the boy in the middle of the road. Peter had pulled the brim of his hat over his eyes, and he shrank back a step when he saw Gideon lean forward and transfix him with a pair of hawk-like orbs.

"What now?" demanded Gideon Mosket, in tones of injured innocence which he could so well assume. "Has one no right to travel these Yorktown roads after dark?"

"Honest folk have the best of right," responded Peter. "They have nothing to fear."

"Just as though Aaron Bly is not an honest man!" was the reply.

Peter laughed in his sleeve.

"Aaron Bly, is it?" he exclaimed. "It seems to me, Master Bly, that elsewhere you have another name. Is it not true?"

"Another name, say you? And pray, since you are in an accusing mood, what other name do you give me?"

"Gideon Mosket for instance," answered Peter. "Really now, doesn't that name sound familiar to you?"

In the starlight even Peter Halket saw a pallor sweep across the man's face.

"You young jackanapes!" cried the spy. "I'll wring your neck for you if you dare insinuate that I have two names."

"I more than insinuate, if that will hasten the carrying out of your threat," the boy retorted. "You may be able to deceive General Lafayette and his brave men, but there are those whom you cannot hoodwink."

A sound like a mad growl leaped from the spy's throat. The next instant he had flung his violin to the ground and was upon Peter like a thunderbolt. But the boy, anticipating something like this, was prepared for the attack, and swinging his cudgel over his head, he beat down the fellow's outstretched arms and felled him to the ground.

Gideon lay like one dead in the middle of the road, and for a moment Peter, in great alarm, thought he had finished his career. But the instant Gideon opened his eyes the boy sprang aside, and with the aid of his knife stripped a young tree of its bark with which he bound the wrists of the captured spy.

"Now, Master Mosket, or Bly, whichever name suits you best," he said, "you will get up and turn your face toward the American camp."

A volley of epithets leaped from the man on the ground, and his eyeballs seemed to emit sparks of fire. Peter stood over him with the cudgel, and emphasized his command by swinging it close to his face.

"Who are you, boy?"

"Never mind who I am," was the response. "Will you go back or will you prefer a further acquaintance with my stick?"

Gideon rose to his feet and thrust his hand into his capacious pocket.

"Take this and let me go," said he, drawing forth the coins he had received for his fiddling. "I can't afford to be detained here. You are not flush with money, I take it?"

"I'm very poor, Master Mosket, but a thousand pieces like those will not tempt me."

"You're a Rebel, then?"

"Think you I would stop a British spy if I were for the King?"

It required a second command to turn Gideon's face toward the American lines, and with downcast looks he was escorted to the first campfire where he was turned over to an officer.

"Why," cried this personage, "this is our fiddler. Why have you fetched him back, boy?"

"Search him and see," said Peter.

Gideon protested loudly against being searched, but when his booty were taken off, plans of the American fortifications were found. He stood convicted. All at once his eyes fell again upon Peter who stood in the firelight.

"I know ye now!" he roared like a trapped lion. "I know ye now, Master Halket, and you'll rue the day you brought me back to this Rebel camp."

Peter smiled, but the time was coming when he would recall those words.

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

Careless John Polkinhorn.

Everybody knew that John Polkinhorn was the carelessest man in town, but nobody ever thought he was careless enough to marry Susan Rankin, seeing that he had known her for years. Susan was the owner of a comfortable place and was thrifty, while John hadn't and wasn't either, and that might have had something to do with it, but anybody could see that John was paying a good deal more than it would have brought at public vendue. Some said it was more Susan's doing than John's, because she never could keep a hired man more than a month, and she was bound to have help of some kind.

Whatever, it was, they married, and John had a home to live in and somebody to look after him, and Susan had a man around permanently. They got along about as well as a good many do, and John certainly earned his board and keep, though Susan said if she ever married again she wouldn't marry anybody as careless as John Polkinhorn was.

One day after five years of it John hung himself in the attic, where Susan used to dry the wash on rainy days, and a carpenter, who went up to the roof to do some repairs that John couldn't do, found him there. He told Susan, and Susan hurried up to see about it, and, sure enough, the carpenter was right. She stood looking at her late husband for about a minute—kind of dazed, the carpenter thought—and then she spoke.

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed. "If he hasn't used my new clothesline, and the old one would have done every bit as well! But, of course, that's just like John Polkinhorn."

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I want every little girl to read how she can give a magnificent doll party. Of course, you must have a doll, or better still, two dollies, who give the party, a doll's house in which to entertain, a tea set, so tea and cakes can be served, and other doll articles. Now I will call your attention to Mr. Patterson's wonderful doll family offer on this page, which is indeed

A Wonderfully Liberal Offer.

The big doll is life size—nearly two feet high—dressed completely from her pretty picture hat with feather, lace and gilded buckle to her dainty slipers, including complete underwear, petticoat, stockings, etc.; her dress is very prettily made, half length and trimmed with lace. Her little chatelaine watch, with fleur de lis pin, is a beauty. The little baby doll is 4½ inches high and has long flaxen hair nearly to her knees. The barking dog is half a foot high, brown head, white body, collar with bell; push doggie's head and he opens his mouth and barks like a real puppy. The dining room set is made of bamboo, dining table and four upright chairs. The 24-piece tea set is a beauty, nice decorated tray with six little cups and saucers, six teaspoons, teapot and cover, sugar and cover, and creamer, all to match. The three baby rings are made of white metal, each with a different stone setting.

Dollie's House is Decorated

In colors, with gable roof, and very pretty. The three-piece garden set of rake, hoe and shovel, the seven-piece tool set of saw, hammer, chisel, file, trowel, wrench and hatchet, are all made of white metal, perfect little instruments. Dollie's lantern, mail car, street car and opera glasses, also the ten pet animals, are also made of white metal, and stand up as natural as life. The baby whistle looks and sounds like a small policeman's whistle.

Mr. Patterson's pictures are very beautiful. One of the handsomest art pictures in gold and colors, a coupon good for 35 different patterns and another article are included in each outfit. It is indeed wonderful. Everyone who sees these beautiful mammoth outfits is delighted with them and insists on obtaining one.

I hope every reader of this paper will sign the free coupon and send for Mr. Patterson's Picture and Pattern Outfits.

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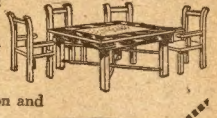

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I want them to know about the Automatic Air Cushion Rupture Appliance that I make for children who are afflicted in this way.

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Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunates who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES A. BRITTON.

80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for Brooks' Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Cured at the Age of 76

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.,
Dear Sir:—

I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable. Very sincerely yours.

SAM A. HOOVER.

High Point, N. C.

Child Cured in Four Months

C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,

ANDREW EGGENGERGER.

21 Jansen St. Dubuque, Iowa.

Recommend From Texas Farmer

C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

I feel it my duty to let you, and also all people afflicted as I was, know what your Appliance has done for me. I have been ruptured for many years and have worn many different trusses, but never got any relief until I got your Appliance. I put it on last November, but had very little faith in it, but must say I am now cured. I have laid it away—have had it off for two weeks and am doing all kinds of farm work with ease. While I was wearing it, I had la grippe and coughed a great deal but it held all right. Words cannot express my gratitude towards you and your Appliance. Will recommend it to all ruptured people. Yours sincerely,

J. E. LONG.

Bald Prairie, Texas.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

C. E. BROOKS, 119C State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

City .....

R. F. D. ..... State .....